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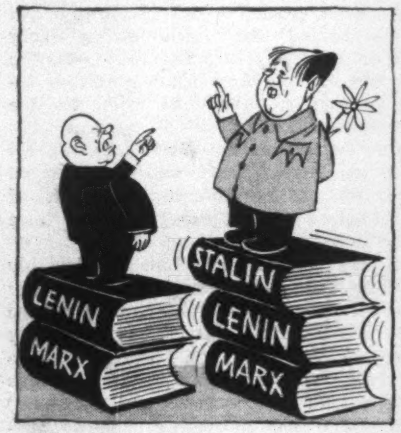

KRUSHCHEV v. MAO
Norman MacKenzie

★

SALAZAR:
His Last Election?

★

Britain's Car Trouble
Maurice Edelman

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Malcolm Muggeridge
on the Fabians

★

Donald Ogden Stewart
Death of a Unicorn

★

Ellis Waterhouse
The Waterloo Portraits

★

CHILDREN'S BOOK SUPPLEMENT

Where We Came In?

The recent elections in West Germany showed a loss of confidence in Dr Adenauer and an increase in the vote of the Social Democrats – a perceptible shift to the left, in fact. In a mature democracy, one might say in any democracy, this would have been reflected in the composition of the new government. Circumstances in Bonn favoured such a change. Dr Adenauer is ailing, and he had an obvious successor, Dr Erhard, who is popular and personally acceptable to the Social Democrats. They, for their part, had declared themselves willing to join a coalition, and on all the crucial issues of foreign policy their views are virtually indistinguishable from those of the Christian Democrats. An Erhard-Brandt coalition was the desirable, obvious and democratic solution to the crisis.

In fact, something like the reverse has occurred: power in the government has shifted dramatically to the right. As always in Germany, the bourgeoisie has found it impossible, when it came to the point, to stomach sharing office with a working-class party, however revisionist in outlook. Instead, after weeks of sordid bargaining, which has brought the whole political machinery of Bonn into disrepute, the Christian Democrats have formed a ramshackle coalition with Dr Mende's FDP, a party which differs strongly from them on crucial foreign policy issues, but which possesses the sole and essential virtue of being acceptable to German big business.

To bring about this unholy union, Dr Adenauer has been obliged to accept, publicly, a marriage-treaty which is deliberately phrased to humiliate him, which defies the constitution by giving the FDP a veto on Cabinet decisions and which specifies in detail a number of crucial changes in foreign and defence policy. It is significant that all the decent elements in both the Christian Democrats and the FDP have violently repudiated it. Indeed, the whole incident is a disaster for German democracy.

Worse, the defence and foreign policy conditions dictated by the ex-Nazis of the FDP directly affect the negotiating position of the West on the eve of the Berlin negotiations. These have been virtually suspended during the German elections and the lengthy haggling which ensued. Now the new Bonn government is committed not merely to a more violent line on the reunification issue – which, if followed, would revoke the West's most important bargaining-point, recognition of Herr Ulbricht – but also to a demand for the possession of US nuclear warheads on exactly the same terms as Britain. If the West, like Dr Adenauer, accepts the first condition, talks on Berlin cannot even begin; if it accepts the second – which Russia would regard as a deliberate act of provocation and defiance – Mr Krushchev might well be tempted to solve the Berlin problem by direct action.

It is argued that the US and Britain cannot simply override German wishes and conclude a Berlin agreement over the heads of the Bonn politicians. If this happened, it is said, West Germany would become violently nationalist and might even, in despair, conclude a new Molotov-Ribbentrop pact. These theories are misconceived. That German nationalism is rising again is lamentably true; for the West to submit to its blackmail, as in the Thirties, would merely hasten the process. As for a deal with Russia, Mr Krushchev is unlikely to conclude one except on the basis of complete West German subservience to Russia (he too has learnt the lessons of 1939) and this is scarcely calculated to attract the rabid anti-Communists of Bonn. What we must keep foremost in our minds is that the Atlantic powers and Russia have a supreme common interest in Europe: avoiding nuclear war; and we can do this only by a mutual recognition that the line which divides Europe is hard and permanent. This is already accepted privately by Anglo-US leaders; the purpose of a Berlin settlement is to confirm it publicly. When this is accomplished, Bonn's powers of international blackmail will largely disappear.

SPOTLIGHT ON POLITICS

Night of the Long Knives?

ANTHONY HOWARD

The story did not take long to sweep the lobbies – but then it was a very astonishing one. It may, of course, have started as nothing more than a rumour in an alcove; but the very fact that within an hour or two it had carried all before it is as indicative as anything could be of the present jagged state of the Parliamentary Labour Party. Whether any serious effort was ever made to withdraw right-wing loyalist support from Mr Denis Healey in the forthcoming Shadow Cabinet elections seems likely to remain a matter of mystery; but what is no longer in doubt is the degree to which suspicion, mistrust and intransigence are now dominant.

The superficial proof can, of course, be seen in the two rival slates now drawn up for the annual contest for what is properly known as the Parliamentary Committee. There have naturally been slates of candidates before – indeed it is virtually an old Labour Party tradition to put sets of candidates in a package and to wrap them up. Yet never before – or so the rueful comments went this week – have the two opposing encampments gazed at each other quite so fiercely across a no-man's-land which they are both equally determined that no one shall invade. Long before the lists were announced herculean efforts had gone into seeing not only that the right names appeared on the tickets – but that the wrong ones did not appear anywhere at all. It has, in fact, been the floor-managers' week; and they have done their work effectively enough to bring about the greatest polarisation in the Labour Party yet.

The exercise has been aided by one or two external factors. At no time, one suspects, in this parliament or the last has the Labour Party looked more remote from the prospect of political power than it has in the last few days. And it has been required to pay the price of acknowledging its remoteness at exactly the moment when at least a proportion of its members thought it would be reaping its reward. The *Daily Mail* Poll on Monday, restoring to the Conservatives a three-and-a-half per cent lead, appears to have come as the nastiest possible shock.

Then there have been the by-elections. With the bad news from Moss Side came probably the final moment of truth: that nothing that has happened in the past year in the way of the opposition's attacks on the government has made any impression on the voter. It may be bad enough that only just over 25 per cent of those who went to the polls voted for the Labour Party; yet what was infinitely worse from an opposition party's point of view was that over 50 per cent of the electorate did not bother to vote at all.

It is hard, in fact, to resist the conclusion that the final show-down is now not far off. It has, after all, always been the contention of the Right that the reward which it offered was electoral victory. If that does not materialise, it seems bound to be driven back onto a search for a scape-goat. Even this week's elections to the trade union group betrayed every sign that the victims have already been marked down. The humiliation both of Mr Walter Padley and Mr Fred Lee proves beyond any doubt the mood of new militancy on the Right. The contest for the Shadow Cabinet looks very much as if it is going to be the beginning of a pitched battle that seems likely to be fought without any very great regard for casualties.

* * *

Mr Butler smiled enigmatically, one of Mr Macleod's two PPSs leant forward to pat him on the shoulder, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd put out a sympathetic arm – and the frail cheers died a decent death. That Mr Iain Macleod's first speech as Leader of the House had gone sadly wrong could not be disguised.

It had certainly started promisingly enough – and it seemed almost at one moment as if Mr Macleod might manage to repeat with a slightly discomfited Mr Wilson his original triumph over Mr Bevan. But then at the end came the strange miscalculation of the House's mood, and from it there could really be no recovery. For his own health in his own party Mr Macleod obviously had to break free of the embrace in which the Labour Party throughout his time as Colonial Secretary often seemed to be holding him. And certainly it was hard to quarrel with his clear decision to make an openly provocative and partisan speech. Mr Wilson's constant references to 'the chairman of the Conservative Party' (rather than the Leader of the House) showed conclusively that the Labour Party expected as much; and the Conservatives would certainly have been disappointed with anything less.

Mr Macleod's mistake lay, of course, in his apparent belief that he could combine his old role with his new one. His sudden switch from political knock-about to solemn statesmanship about Berlin and the Bomb could scarcely have sounded more incongruous; and the timing of it could not have been more inept. For what Mr Macleod had done was to raise his own supporters to a peak of enthusiasm, his opponents to a pitch of anger – then to leave them both high and dry with five minutes of wholly unexceptionable but scarcely original noble sentiments and lofty ideals. At the end the government benches looked as frustrated as the opposition.

It is hard, however, to think that Mr Macleod has done himself any real damage. Indeed his relative failure on Tuesday, far from harming his reputation, may well have done it some good. For one of the principal reasons behind the fairly strong Tory suspicion of Mr Macleod has always been the conviction that he is somehow ruthlessly inhuman – that he functions with all the remorseless efficiency of a machine. His obvious distress in the final stages of his speech on Tuesday may well have allayed at least some of the more emotional fears of him. What he lost in prestige he may have gained in personal regard.

Yet the challenge facing him is undeniably still there. The re-election this week of Major John Morrison to the chairmanship of the 1922 Committee (against apparently Major Morrison's own inclination – which is said to have been sacrificed to the Prime Minister's insistence that he stay on for one more year) has served to raise all over again the speculation about the Prime Minister's future. What anyway seems clear enough – whether Mr Macmillan retires before the next election or not – is that the positions now occupied by the front-runners are those from which they will have to make their bids for the succession. And Mr Macleod, without any longer a major department to administer, needs desperately to establish a mastery and command over the House that none of his rivals can approach. Mr Selwyn Lloyd, Mr Duncan Sandys and Mr Henry Brooke may not be great parliamentarians – but that is not the specific gift that they are offering to the party. With Mr Macleod it is; and what looked at first as if it might be automatically assumed will now have to be carefully built up.

* * *

It is a relief to hear from Rhodesia House that 'the main engagement' of Sir Roy Welensky's 12-day visit to Britain was his appropriately intemperate speech at the Institute of Directors Annual Conference on Wednesday. But one doubts it.

The call on the Colonial Secretary on Monday, the visit to the Conservative Commonwealth Committee, and all the other rounds of government ante-rooms presumably had some purpose. Indeed a profitable study for all those interested in pressure groups in action might well be simply following the Federal Prime Minister around.

Sir Roy at the moment clearly has three aims. The first is to make his own formidable impact on Mr Maudling. The second will be to make his time-honoured demand for setting-up of the Federal Review Conference, and the third will be to resist any significant changes in the N. Rhodesia constitution.

On all three there seems to be at the moment a risk of disappointment. Times, as they say, change – and they have almost certainly done so when Conservative back-benchers agree to meet Mr Jomo Kenyatta in the same afternoon that they hear from Sir Roy Welensky.

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NEXT WEEK

Colour in the Colleges

A special survey into the problem of overseas students in Britain's universities and technical colleges

With Fulbright in Little Rock

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Comments on the Week's News

New York

Lysistrata Strikes

KINGSLEY MARTIN *writes:* The lengthy and laborious defence of nuclear tests offered by the Soviet delegate to the UN is hard to bear. Mr Tsarapkin obviously knew he was defending a bad case, and his speech was irrelevant and insincere. The use to which America put its former monopoly of nuclear power is uninteresting at a moment when people want to know if they are about to be killed in a nuclear war – and, in addition, when they are concerned about the incalculable effects of fall-out that is already on the way.

The Soviet test programme has put America in a dilemma. The US has stated that the Soviet tests have no value but terror, and that America already has more than enough nuclear power to destroy the USSR. If this is true why should America now restart tests to prevent the Russians 'getting an advantage'? The probable explanation of the Soviet tests, I have been told here, is that Russia now has the technique to make anti-missile missiles – which the US certainly does not possess. Therefore the Administration argues privately, but not publicly, that the USSR may now be developing a means of defence against nuclear attack which would destroy the value of the deterrent and leave America in a hopelessly weak position. This explanation seems possible. But if it is correct, the US would take at least two years to catch up with the USSR in defence measures, even if the Americans had an anti-missile programme sufficiently advanced to begin tests right away. Naturally the US would not be anxious to reveal this inferiority if it exists.

It is incredibly macabre to have to listen to speeches and arguments of this kind – all of them hopelessly insincere – while we sit contemplating fall-out and the now almost certain acceleration of the arms race. The neutrals naturally want to prevent America adding to the pollution of the atmosphere by renewing tests – though this now seems highly probable, if only for prestige reasons. India and other states advocate a further moratorium, even if it cannot be inspected and controlled. They argue that, if such a moratorium could be concluded for not more than a few months, it would give an opportunity to reopen the discussion of controls which once seemed so close to agreement.

A small but lively section of the American public is now for the first time beginning to demonstrate on the lines of the British anti-nuclear campaign. Some pictures of demonstrations and arrests outside Soviet offices in New York have appeared in the American press. But, for the most part, the activities of SANE (the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy) go unreported. Small demonstrations, plus student protests, began in Washington on 1 September, and protests have been taken repeatedly to Soviet headquarters in New York. On 30 October a large demonstration, leading to police arrests on the British model, was staged by 2,000 people who got as close as they could to the Soviet UN mission. Some Seattle businessmen took a petition to Krushchev in Moscow on 31 October, and copies of it were taken to the White House. More publicity was given to a march of thousands of women in Washington, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles and other cities. Women have begun to arrange what are sometimes called 'Lysistrata strikes' against all tests, including any by the United States and her European allies.

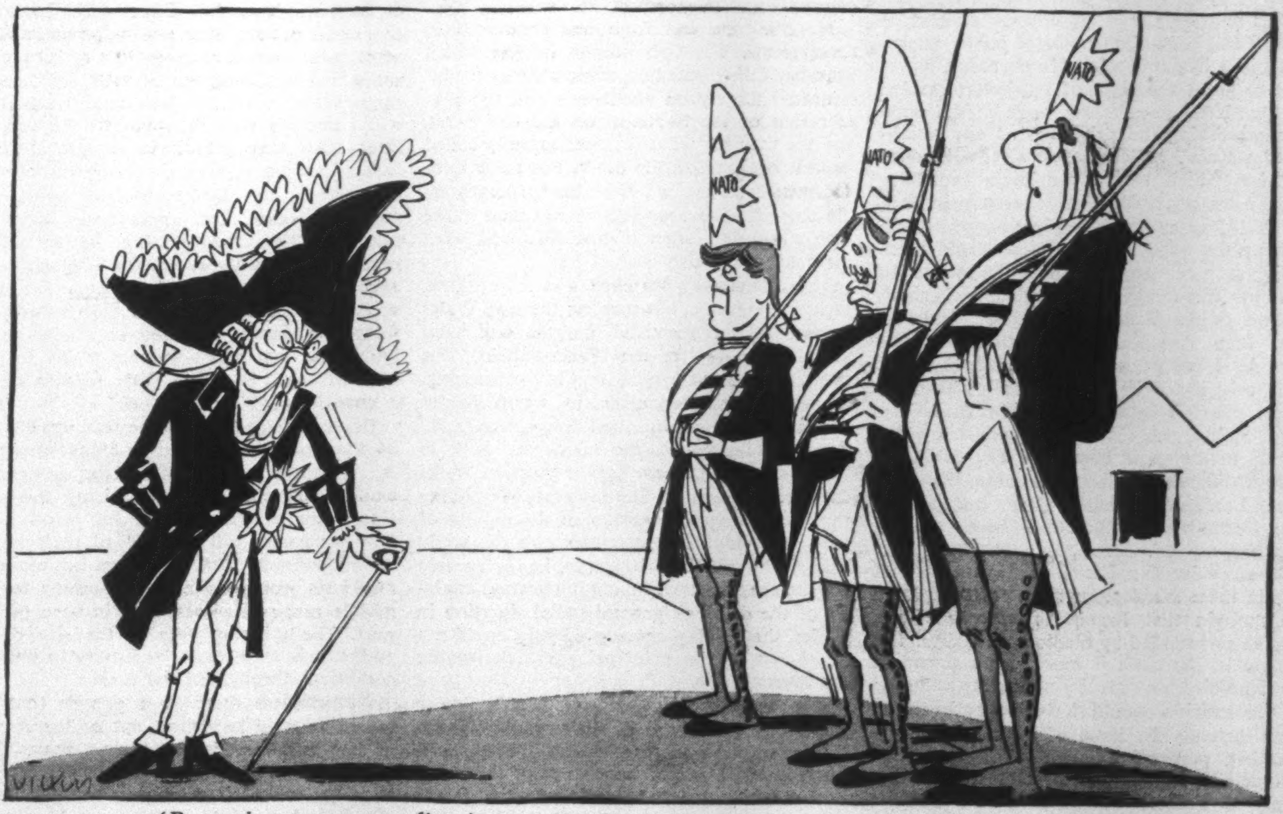
Common Market

And America Too?

Our Economic Correspondent writes: Mr Harold Wilson's suggestion that the Common Market might be more acceptable if it included the US raises some interesting questions. Could the Six conceivably accept such a fundamental revision of what, at least to the French and West Germans, is a plan for a third nuclear and economic power? Could the US ever adopt such conditions as free immigration and free imports? Merely to ask such questions illustrates the difficulties that any move in this direction would encounter.

Yet they also serve to reveal the underlying ambivalence of American policy. Some Americans see the Community as the logical outcome of the Marshall Plan – a strong, anti-Communist and united Europe, able to stand on its own feet. To that extent they are anxious to see Britain become an integral part of it. But the prospect that in a few years America may confront a reorganised Europe that can compete with and discriminate against the US economy alarms other Americans. It would, for them, be preferable to revive the old idea of an Atlantic Community with free trade but without some of the other provisions of the Rome Treaty. It is this reasoning that has led Mr Christian Herter (Eisenhower's last Secretary of State) and some other 'economic liberals' to favour some form of American association with the Six.

The French cannot be pleased at this idea. They have even opposed British entry because it would make the club less exclusive and reduce the role that France can play in it; and if the US were to come in, how



'Dogs, do you want to live for ever?' – Frederick the Great to his hesitant Guards, 1757.

could Japan – the sole large non-Communist industrial power remaining – be kept out? But the British government may see certain advantages in encouraging discussion of a possible American proposal to join. It would certainly increase British bargaining power in the negotiations now under way. If these negotiations end in failure, it might be possible to turn to the Americans with a revised plan for Anglo-American economic union of some kind. If, on the other hand, the negotiations progress well, they can be justified to suspicious Tory critics of the Common Market on the grounds that its attractions are so powerful that even the Americans are considering them seriously.

All these possibilities, however, conceal one important fact. If the Americans are now concerned about the impact that the Common Market may have on them, how much greater are the grounds for anxiety among the poorer countries? Their exports to Europe are already gravely affected by the agricultural development and the development of synthetic materials. If the rich unite, the resources of Europe will be developed even more rapidly, the balance of trade will tip further against the primary producers and world inequality will grow, not diminish. They may be driven, willy-nilly, into trade with the Communist countries on terms that are far from favourable – economically or politically.

Paris

Big Charlie Gets the Treatment

Our Paris Correspondent writes: For the first time since his return to power, General de Gaulle has been the object of a full-scale satirical offensive, conducted by the gifted troupe of the Théâtre des Dix Heures, under the title of *Charles XI.* The centre-piece consists of a press conference, given by an imaginary Head of State who is unable to resolve the conflict between the increase in the number of pigeons and the maintenance of public monuments in a hygienic state. He proposes, therefore, to grant the right of self-determination for the 'aerial population' while at the same time preserving the privileges of any 'established statues'. He envisages, also, a kind of partition which would provide a sanctuary for the statues, with their own government, and living-space for the pigeons, whilst expressing the hope that the latter would eventually learn to cooperate with the statues so that both can ensure 'the grandeur of France'.

Some of the sketches go a good deal further. Jean Amadou, noting that half the army is in prison, and the other half in the OAS, asks if the General intends to have the horses paraded by themselves the next Quatorze Juillet. Jean Lacroix, comparing De Gaulle to the great heroes of France's past, finds it difficult to discover anyone like him. True, Louis XIV comes close; but in that case, Debré becomes a new Colbert – '*strictement impossible*'.

So every evening, Parisians play an amused role in these sacrilegious rites, emerging with the thought that France is governed by a maniac surrounded by mediocre flunkeys. The trouble is, the truth is much more alarming. De Gaulle's antics are by no means as funny as the satirists would have us believe. On them depends the issue of peace and war – affecting, perhaps, a much wider area than France and Algeria. As for Debré, he is certainly no Colbert; but he is not De Gaulle's valet either; the political experts here are increasingly concerned by the role he plays. Many of them argue that De Gaulle nowadays deals only in generalities, throwing into the air a series of portentous ideas, and leaving Debré to work out the details. And Debré has an extreme right-wing past; indeed, he is credited with the desire to reconcile De Gaulle with the OAS.

It is said, too, that the so-called purge of the army has hit mainly those who opposed the generals who rebelled in April, rather than those who supported them. When a new *Putsch* comes, run the rumours, there will be no need to drop parachutists on Paris: 'They arrive every day, not by parachute, but in ordinary troop-trains; not to fight, but simply to take up routine posts in the Defence Ministry and the Prime Minister's office.'

Wales

The Image of Heaven

JOHN MORGAN *writes*: The coming Sabbath is liable to be the gloomiest in the history of Welsh nonconformity. If Glamorgan, Monmouthshire, Cardiff and Swansea – where most of the population of Wales live – have indeed gone wet (and when the poll closed on Wednesday evening, this seemed likely) the power of the chapel will clearly be seen to have been broken. This power will not in fact be any less or more than before, but fact notoriously is never quite as real in Welsh life as is the power of the symbol. This change of the chapel status always looked like being the most important consequence of the poll. After all, no one in Wales seriously in search of a drink on a Sunday ever had much trouble getting one, either at a club or pubs which pursued an open-back-door policy. The vote turned on the Welshman's view of himself, of his chapel-going image. This is why so many of the most surprising people began to feel, as the campaign closed, a greater sympathy for the chapels than they ever expected they would.

Not that the campaign was conducted in these terms. The two million leaflets which have been distributed on either side have concentrated largely on abstinence and the preservation of the Sabbath, on the one hand, and the case for what it rather grandly called 'moral freedom' on the other. But some nonconformist ministers I have heard preach on the subject have been identifying their cause with a question larger than drink: with what they call the Welsh way of life.

The image they sketched was a beguiling, even moving, one, but scarcely the way Wales lives now, if it ever did. On the one hand there is the idyll of the Welsh Sabbath, the great, stirring sad hymns sung in the morning, the Sunday dinner eaten in warm homes which, in description, sound always like farmhouses, followed by the afternoon walk in which the puritan worker or peasant walks the green hills in his Sunday best, embodying the Welsh-language version of the dignity of man. This idyll is contrasted with the seedy beer-swilling of the urban club. Unfortunately for the chapels' case, in any intellectual analysis of the drink or general social situation in Wales, the Sunday opening of pubs could not be shown as the principal agent destroying the innocent life.

The chapels' only hope of keeping more than their fair share of their traditional influence on the pattern of Welsh life lies, curiously enough, in another aspect of the referendum which they have deplored – that it was conducted county by county rather than nationally. Just before the poll gambling men were taking evens that Merioneth and Cardigan would stay dry, and slightly longer odds that Carmarthen and Caernarvon would also stand firm by the Sabbath. This is Welsh Wales. Should these gambling men have been proved right, the chapels could still claim that they represented the *real* Wales: Welsh would remain the language of heaven. Therefore, whatever the bulk of the population prefers, the chapels remain the true representatives of Wales – even if the English have once more succeeded in driving them back to the shelter of the mountains.

Perhaps, indeed, the chapels' instinct has been right. Opening the Sabbath pubs may well come to see the final curtain falling on the industrial revolution and the social and religious forces that grew with it. Few societies are given the opportunity of voting formally to put an end to an era.

TV Strike

The Actor's Lot

A Special Correspondent writes: If actors have a hard time arousing public sympathy for their strike against commercial TV, their own public relations are largely to blame. The glamour of expensive first nights and over-dressed society parties is a long way from the economic reality of most people's lives, including actors. Unemployment is the actor's number-one problem. Anyone doubting this might do a rough count of familiar TV faces collecting the dole at West End labour exchanges.

Television is now the main market for an actor's talent. But earnings in TV are not computed in regular salary or wages, but in fees. A payment of £75 may seem a lot for one evening's work, but as the culmination of two-and-a-half weeks in draughty rehearsal rooms, it will not seem excessive to a man at the height of his career and with a family to support. Taken together with rehearsal fees of £2 a day, this may bring an established actor, with several leading roles to his credit, something in the region of £100 for nearing three weeks' work. But how many such roles will come his way in a year? The sought-after actor may get one a month, if he is lucky. Leading players, especially those without stage or film stardom to draw upon, may get higher fees, but appearances must be rarer, for the drawing-power of an actor's reputation is easily exhausted through over-exposure. Many a fine actor after a run of success has found himself out of fashion the following season. It would be interesting to know how many past winners of TV awards have managed at all regularly to earn £1,500 a year out of television alone.

Equity's demands must be seen against this background. To accept only a higher minimum fee structure, as offered by the companies, would have the effect of pricing unknown actors out of the running for small parts. Few producers will risk £50 of their budget on an unknown quantity. And an increased minimum would do little or nothing for the middle range of actors most in need of support. The tying of fees to the size of the audience is an attempt by Equity to improve conditions throughout the scale.

Nevertheless there is a danger that live television may be priced out of the market, as has happened in the United States. This is an issue that only the companies are able to judge, and their position is complicated by the fact that, while profits have been astronomic in recent years, they must remain high if share values are to be maintained. To artists responsible for the quality of entertainment, the continuing precariousness of their livelihood may seem incompatible with an annual corporate profit of £5m. But where television is commercial, such considerations are unavoidable.

If, however, profitability is the only measure of success, as the new chairman of ATV said recently, actors can scarcely be blamed for expecting their share.

Fleet Street

Rebuilding the Sunday Times

FRANCIS WILLIAMS *writes*: The battle for quality on a Sunday looks like hotting up a good deal come the New Year. It will be an interesting battle, significant not only journalistically but socially. The 'slow swing to quality' – not so slow, in fact, now – has already gone far enough to enable the *Sunday Telegraph* to reach what looks like a pretty stable circulation of well over 700,000 in a remarkably short time, without seriously hitting either the *Sunday Times* or the *Observer*. But is the demand for serious news and comment, as opposed to the vast appetite for the sensational and the frivolous which has been the most striking feature of the immense rise in total newspaper readership over the last two or three decades, capable of still further expansion? Or has it now reached the stage where an advance by any one of the quality newspapers can only be at the expense of another? My own guess – a hopeful one I admit – is that the market for 'quality' journalism is still growing and is likely to go on doing so for some time. Just as the immense and, until recently, almost unbroken rise in popular newspaper readership which has made the newspaper industry one of the most striking growth-industries in the last quarter of a century or more was a direct reflection of the development of elementary education, so the great post-war increase in secondary and higher education is now beginning to have its full and permanent effect.

This view will be put to the test when the *Sunday Times* – easily the leader in the Sunday quality market – starts on its contemplated big development programme early in the New Year. It is significant that Mr Roy Thomson, who has shown himself much more perceptive than most to the business possibilities of a rising educational level among newspaper readers, appointed Mr C. D. Hamilton, editorial director of the group and his closest editorial lieutenant, to succeed H. V. Hodson when the latter decided to give up the editorship of the *Sunday Times*.

At 43 Denis Hamilton, although not widely known to the general public, is one of the most brilliant executives in the newspaper business. He was already at Kemsley Newspapers when Roy Thomson took over. He had been a good part of the brains behind the first phase of the *Sunday Times* expansion and also behind the excellent training scheme for young journalists started by the Kemsley Press before a National Training Council was set up. He was at once spotted by Thomson and given wider responsibilities. Since then he has had a good deal to do with the very successful policy of remodelling several of the main provincial morning papers in the group and giving them more of a quality character. This has paid off both in sales and advertising revenue. He has also been the main editorial driving force behind the big development of the magazine side of the *Sunday Times*. Recently he has been heavily involved in the planning of the first coloured rotagravure-printed magazine to make its appearance as a Sunday newspaper magazine supplement in British journalism. This is to be launched by the *Sunday Times* early in February. Hamilton has brought over Mark Boxer, art editor of the *Queen*, to edit the new *Sunday Times* supplement and generally help him on the editorial ideas side of the Thomson empire. The new venture hopes to start several jumps ahead in presentation and content of the comparable supplements – most of them syndicated – which have been for years a feature of American and Canadian Sunday journalism.

Since Hamilton also has a number of other bright young men inside and outside the Thomson organisation lined up for key jobs in the new development programme, and Thomson is prepared to spend a good deal of money on expansion, it looks as if the *Sunday Times* is going to set quite a pace in 1962. The interesting question is whether it can expand the total market for 'quality' Sunday papers. Thomson and Hamilton themselves both believe that demand as a whole is growing. Editorially Hamilton is convinced that without lowering the intellectual content of the *Sunday Times* – indeed raising it in some directions – he can widen its appeal to open up a new market, particularly among younger people.

Politically I should expect the *Sunday Times*, while remaining basically Conservative, as it is bound to by the nature of its traditions and readership, to become under him a good deal less rigidly and stuffily so than it has been and to open its columns to a much wider spread of controversial views. But I expect the biggest changes to be in the general social attitude of the paper with an increasing emphasis on the exploration of new intellectual and cultural trends and ideas. Both Thomson and Hamilton believe that Sunday papers need to be still bigger. Apparently advertisers agree. I'm told that the demand for advertising space in the new rotagravure magazine supplement has already gone well beyond what was expected.

* * *

A note of congratulation to the *Jewish Chronicle* which has just celebrated its 120th anniversary. The oldest Jewish newspaper in the world, it has been a citadel of intelligence and good judgment through all vicissitudes and it is journalistically a most able publication.

Krushchev versus Mao

NORMAN MACKENZIE

There are two reasons why the 22nd Congress has proved to be an unexpectedly dramatic turning-point in Soviet history. The first is that Mr Krushchev has now publicly drawn a line under the Stalin era. The process that began with his secret speech in 1956 has been risky and difficult, and it has taken nearly six years to reach the point where a new leadership could be elected, a new party programme ratified and the cult of Stalin finally and symbolically rejected by his removal from the mausoleum. Everything that happened at this Congress was carefully prepared to drive home this theme of a fresh start.

But, at the moment when Krushchev has won his domestic triumph, he has been confronted by an open and important challenge to his leadership of the Communist world. For reasons of Communist protocol, Albania has been selected as the focus of the disagreements between Peking and Moscow, but when *Zeri i Popullit* denounced 'N. Krushchev and his anti-Marxist group' as 'splitters' and 'revisionists' the language may have been Albanian but the thought was Chinese. What we are witnessing, in fact, is the emergence of two Communist doctrines, two types of social system and two centres of power. Differences always existed between the Chinese and Soviet parties since Mao disregarded Stalin's advice in 1927. It is, however, Krushchev's new course that has brought them to a point of serious tension. The Chinese believe that, at least since 1956, the Soviet leadership has been steadily moving away from classical Communist doctrine.

To understand this dialectic it is necessary to recall what Krushchev has done in these six years. He has been working towards a massive reorganisation of Soviet society, a new formulation of Marxist-Leninist theory and a change in the role that the Soviet Union plays in world politics. In each respect, whatever his subjective motives may be, his purpose has been to force both his supporters and his opponents to face the realities of modern life as he sees them – in an age of advanced technology, anti-colonialism and nuclear weapons. But, as Marx observed, man does not make his history out of whole cloth: he must use the bits and pieces that come to hand. So it has been with Krushchev.

Stalin, at immense cost, made the Soviet Union a modern industrial society and a great armed power. But his heirs inherited a system of government so committed to a combination of terror and bureaucracy that it was on the point of breakdown, and radical changes were essential – not least to reduce the gap between the rulers and the ruled and to substitute more rational for arbitrary administration. But such changes could not be accomplished easily or quickly. In the first place, the key points in the society were staffed by men who had been compromised by and subject to the 'administrative methods' that had prevailed for Stalin's generation. The paradox was that reform had to be initiated by and carried through by those who needed reformation themselves.

Secondly, a drastic purge was out of the question for other reasons. The only alternative to the state apparatus that existed in the Soviet Union was the party apparatus, and this had been so badly disrupted by 20 years of Stalinism that it had to be rebuilt. This took time. In the last three years Krushchev's 'new men' have been quietly taking over senior party posts all over the USSR, and the composition of the Central Committee elected last week underlines the point. But it also required a change in the political climate. If 'Leninist' methods were to be restored, Soviet citizens had to be assured by evidence and daily experience that 'Socialist legality' in fact prevailed, and that terror was a thing of the past.

We still know little about the intricate manoeuvres that preceded the 20th Congress, when Krushchev and Mikoyan launched the 'new course'. But it is becoming much easier to understand what happened afterwards. Each innovation was resisted, partly on grounds of self-interest, by functionaries whose power and position were threatened, partly because it seemed too risky. Krushchev was attempting so much, so speedily, that he could plausibly be accused of gambling away the external and internal security of the Soviet Union.

As things turned out, Poland was held in the nick of time; Hungary had to be held by force – after three days of indecision in which Krushchev's own position hung in the balance – and the internal Communist movement was badly damaged. At the same time there was growing opposition to domestic changes, each of which made enemies for Krushchev – the scaling down of the secret police, the decentralisation of the economy, the transference of functions from state to party organs, the opening of the virgin lands, the new theory on the non-inevitability of war and the dispute on the transition to Communism. If all these had led to brilliant successes, it would have been easier to deal with the opposition. But they were not: the immediate results were often debatable and sometimes adverse. That may be why, in the past five years, Krushchev has so often seemed to be looking either for a quick propaganda triumph, such as Camp David or the Sputnik programme, or to be parading his strength of rockets and nuclear arms.

The winter of 1956-57 was particularly difficult in this respect. It was then that the conspiracy of the 'anti-party group' reached its climax, as Stalin's old lieutenants tried to rall all those fho opposed the Krushchev programme into a coalition against him. They failed, but only by a narrow margin. If Krushchev had not been able, with Marshal Zhukov's help, to ring Moscow with tanks and to use army planes to fly the Central Committee members to the fateful meeting which over-ruled the Presidium, he would have lost. The party might be beginning to function in a 'Leninist' manner again, but it depended vitally at this stage on military support. Later Zhukov himself was removed, presumably for resisting the party's control of the army–as Molotov and others had resisted its domination of the administrative machine. The present high command – the change is personified by the accelerated promotion of Marshal Malinowsky – has been brought behind Krushchev, and it is now significantly represented on the new Central Committee.

Yet Krushchev's victory was bought at a price. The situation was such that he could not liquidate his opponents; while to maintain his position he had to make concessions to allies whose loyalty was still uncertain – party leaders, military commanders and administrators. That explains many of the vacillations in Soviet policy since 1957. Krushchev's critics (and the vital group of 'neutrals' in the leadership) remained strong enough to force modifications of the party line, and to retain some access to the levers of power and patronage. They have been able, for instance, to stage long debates in the Central Committee and even, as the circulation of Molotov's letter on the eve of the 22nd Congress reveals, to take their case to the senior ranks of the party hierarchy.

Krushchev, that is, has been in control, but not in unfettered control. He himself, it should be remembered, is not a liberal-minded reformer: he rose to prominence under Stalin, promoted the 'cult of personality' and shared the assumptions of the Stalin regime. Though it is far from clear what personal part he played in the worst 'errors and excesses', he was undoubtedly implicated in them by association. His own past must have been a brake on de-Stalinisation, while his promises that the days of 'administrative methods' were over gave his opponents a considerable degree of physical immunity. Yet, all the same, he found he had to carry controlled de-Stalinisation much further than he originally intended if Soviet Communism was to be given a really new look.

That dilemma has been pointed by the events of the last three weeks, for Krushchev has now thrown open the whole question of responsibility for the great purges after 1934. But this action also suggests that he feels that the internal struggle has been won, that his line has been accepted and that he has the means to see that it will be carried out. That is why this Congress saw both the settling of accounts with Stalinism and the launching of the new party programme, both the demonstration of Soviet nuclear power and the reassertion that war is not inevitable. But, at the very moment when Krushchev has secured the formal endorsement of his platform, he has turned ferociously on the Albanians – and struck, through them, at the Chinese. He has won his battle inside the Soviet Union only at the cost of precipitating a crisis within the Communist bloc.

What are the sources of this pregnant dispute between Moscow and Peking? The Chinese believe that Krushchev is wrong on several counts. First, that his doctrine of peaceful co-existence and the non-inevitability of war conflicts both with the needs and the possibilities facing the Communist powers. (This view, significantly, has also been attributed to Molotov during the Congress debates.) The Chinese still hold Lenin's doctrine that imperialism will launch an aggressive attack on the Socialist camp, and that its defeat will lead to the extension of Communist power. But Krushchev has abandoned this 'dogmatic' view. Communism, he insists, is now strong enough to prevent war, and in the absence of war the contradictions of imperialism will lead to its breakdown: it is 'peace', in fact, not war, which will ensure that our grandchildren will live under Communism!

Secondly, the Chinese argue that Krushchev's 'road to Communism' is theoretically misconceived, and that it is in any case inapplicable to the under-developed countries, from Asia and Africa to Albania. Thus they are now competing with the Soviet Union for ideological leadership of the Communist parties in the non-industrialised countries. It follows, in the Chinese view, that Moscow has no claim to establish Marxist orthodoxy. In their eyes Mao ranks far higher than Krushchev as a 'creative' interpreter of Marx, and they see themselves as ruling China today in their own right as successful revolutionaries, not by grace of Soviet power. Finally, they challenge Moscow's right to direct relations between the Communist powers and the 'imperialists', on the grounds that Krushchev, for fear of provoking war, is unwilling to exploit the revolutionary possibilities in the present situation.

It is not enough for Krushchev to meet these charges by denials. Ideology is important, still, in the Communist world, and he has therefore been driven to sweeping theoretical justifications of his position as well as to actions – the nuclear tests and Berlin are the current examples – which show that he is conscious of Soviet strength and no appeaser of the 'imperialists and colonialists'. But, whatever attempts are made to preserve the unity of the Communist powers, the deep-seated grounds of disagreement remain. They stem from the differences between a European and an Asian version of Marxism, between an industrial society with highly-developed social machinery and one that still rests upon manual and peasant labour. The argument about the inevitability of war precisely illustrates this point. Russia, today, is vulnerable to nuclear attack: China could suffer immense destruction, but its rulers can at least conceive some sort of survival for a system which is not yet dependent upon its urban centres.

China has not hitherto pressed this disagreement to the point of an open break, though it holds the initiative in the argument. It has needed Soviet help; it has hoped for nuclear weapons; and, ultimately, it has depended on Soviet strategy in its cold war with the Americans. But, for all its weakness, it has had some bargaining power – partly by ideological argument, partly by encouraging Krushchev's domestic opponents, and partly by threatening either war against Formosa or a revolutionary offensive in South-East Asia which could gravely embarrass Krushchev's complex relations with the United States. China can also exploit the fact that, despite Soviet strength, the Communist powers must still hang together, if they are not to hang separately.

All these factors continue to operate, though the Russians have tried to minimise both the extent and the consequences of the disagreement. But, after the 22nd Congress, it is no longer in question that there are two kinds of Communism and two systems of Communist power. The issue from now on is how far, and in what ways, they can contain their rivalry, and in what ways it will affect their respective roles in world affairs.

The Trouble in the Motor Industry

MAURICE EDELMAN, MP

The television comedian who says 'Motor Shop Steward' can now count on a national guffaw. But derision is the obverse of *Angst*, and the laugh is followed by the rush of adrenalin. The responses are simple; the motor industry is in trouble; its shop stewards encourage unofficial strikes; some of them are Communists; therefore, the motor industry can be saved only by crushing the shop stewards.

The figures of strikes in the industry during a specially hard year are, of course, high. So far, it has lost over 350,000 working days in this way; in 1960 over half a million. In Germany, on the other hand, the lost time was nil; in France, apart from minor trouble at Renault, there were no strikes either. In the United States the loss of time through official strikes in the motor industry was high – over 3½ million days in 1958 and 367,000 in 1959.

The pattern of strikes is interesting – no strikes in West Germany, where Communist influence is negligible, almost none in France where the Communists dominate the *Confédération Générale du Travail* and the factory councils of the leading motor manufacturers, and large numbers in the United States where the strongly anti-Communist United Automobile Workers Union periodically engages in formal trials of strength with Ford and General Motors. It might still be true, as a Sunday newspaper suggested recently, that international Communism is making a specific

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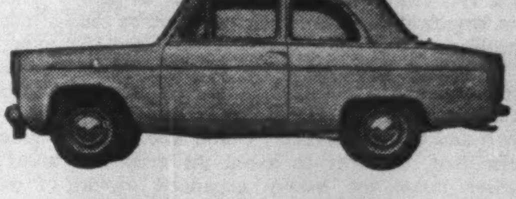

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attack on the British motor industry by fostering unofficial strikes. But it is obvious that there are other factors, which produce the stability at Renault and Volkswagen, the cyclical instability at General Motors and the chronic instability at Fords of Dagenham, Standards and Rootes.

That the Communists exploit the grievances of the workers in industry is certain. But a grievance has to exist before it can be exploited. Thus, whatever the immediate solution at Acton, nothing will be lastingly settled merely by chopping off the heads of some shop-stewards, trouble-makers suspected of being Communists. The real problem of the motor industry, which government, employers and trade unionists have alike failed to tackle at the highest level, is the fact that it is traditionally an industry with wide fluctuations of employment, partly because of variations in seasonal demand, partly because of temporary shut-downs for re-tooling. There is among motor workers a deep fear of redundancy; and whatever the merits or mistakes at Acton, it is that fear which provoked a catastrophic strike.

Some motor manufacturers regard the seasonal nature of the industry as inevitable. As one of them put it, 'you don't sell fur coats in summer; you don't sell cars in winter'. That was an oversimplification. After 1945, the seller's market in the southern hemisphere, as well as in Europe and the US, meant fairly steady annual employment. On the other hand, the collapse of the US market brought an unseasonal recession last summer. The shop-stewards' response to the fluctuations of employment has been the simple slogan of 'No redundancy'. This means, in effect, that when there is a shortage of orders, whatever work is available is shared. It is the doctrine of short-time rather than sackings. It expresses the fundamental solidarity among men who prefer to share hardship rather than that anyone should go hungry.

The employers understandably don't like short-time working. It's uneconomic; short lines of production raise costs; overheads rise; and because of the 'guaranteed week' (introduced at a time of labour shortage), wages, when output is small, become higher in relation to the unit cost. In a recession, shop-stewards and employers watch each other warily. It is the danger time when, in the absence of official redundancy agreements, unofficial strikes are apt to break out.

For the trade unions themselves have hesitated to advance a policy on redundancy. The Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions drafted a national redundancy plan which was eventually turned down by the Executive because certain unions, never having had redundancy problems, were reluctant to put the idea in the minds of employers. Although the National Committee of the AEU have gone on record in favour of short-time working as an alternative to redundancy, the union's National Executive has never endorsed the policy. The many small unions in the engineering industry have taken the 19th-century view that they have to fight an empirical battle for their members as the problems arise.

There are, however, a few of the younger trade unionists like George Barrett of the Confederation and Jack Jones of the Transport and General Workers Union who recognise that, in order to avoid the recurrent crises inside the hastily expanded motor industry, some structural changes will have to be made so that the official union leadership can defend the proper interests of its members adequately and in time, before the unofficial elements take action about real grievances. Jones has put the point succinctly. 'A major cause of dispute,' he says, 'is fear of the sack. Despite repeated major disputes on this issue in recent years, there are virtually no collective agreements between the employers and unions in the industry on this vital issue. Absence of security in this high-pressure, high-power industry is the dark background to the worker's life.'

The Minister of Labour has glimpsed this difficulty, and his excellent pamphlet *Security and Change* has nudged the elbows of employers and trade union leaders in the direction of anticipating redundancy by suitable provisions. The matter has even been touched on in his conferences between motor manufacturers and trade unionists. But all the professions of good-will and all the deploring of shop stewards' sinning will be of no use whatsoever if the rights and obligations of employers and workers in the matter of redundancy are not formulated on a national scale.

In the US where major industrial trouble takes place on a triennial basis – peace is more or less guaranteed for three years by agreements – the job of negotiation in the motor industry is simplified by the fact that there is a United Automobile Workers Union. In Britain, where the workers are spread through a dozen different unions, there would, no doubt, have to be agreements on redundancy which embraced all the unions concerned with engineering in the Confederations of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions. It would be up to the Minister to try and bring into the negotiations the un-federated firms like Fords and Vauxhall, which with differing success have hitherto concluded their own agreements.

What sort of redundancy agreements can there be in the motor industry? The most simple would be terminal payments based on length of service. Revolutionary as this may seem in Britain, it is now the principle in the motor industries of the US, France and Germany. If motor manufacturers want to ease the burden of these payments, their task must be to plan their production – even if they can't plan consumption – to ensure that their labour force is as constant as possible throughout the year instead of being seasonably expendable.

But even when this is done, employers and trade unionists should again examine the question of procedure in matters of dispute. At present, a dispute may take more than two months before it reaches a central conference of employers and trade union officials. The delay was deliberate in its original conception so that hot heads might cool. But the intention hasn't fulfilled its purpose. During the hiatus, the unofficial strike-promoters are able to arrogate responsibility to themselves. The interval between a dispute being declared and its final discussion is too long and too dangerous for an industry which has the troubles of the British motor industry today.

Its labour troubles are, however, only part of the story. Its structural troubles – high unit costs which will result in grave industrial problems when the Common Market comes into being – will appear more clearly during 1962. For the time being it is enough to register that there are genuine labour grievances in the motor industry due to the threats of redundancy and the absence of official trade union action, and that they will not be dissolved by ritual incantations against the shop-stewards.

London Diary

CHARON

I've no doubt the disturbances in Ghana are – in part, anyway – motivated by outside forces, some perhaps based in London, who would go to considerable lengths to discredit Nkrumah. The cancellation of the Queen's visit would have been a triumph for them; it might have caused a real crisis, even Ghana's exit from the Commonwealth. I never thought they'd bring it off. Even so, it can't have been an easy decision for the Cabinet to take. This is one of the occasions – they've been getting rare lately – when I sympathise with Mr Macmillan. It was an intelligent move to send Duncan Sandys on ahead. All now seems set for a rapturous reception. There is also traditional British Queen's luck. Elizabeth I survived plot after plot. At least four attempts were made to assassinate Queen Victoria, two of them by one lunatic, Francis, on Constitution Hill. (Sentences were light. A hunchback named Bean, who made an attempt in 1842, was given 18 months. When the Queen remonstrated, Lord Melbourne wrote a characteristically tranquil letter in reply.) Still it will be a relief all round when it's safely over.

* * *

What should nuclear disarmers do next? I listened the other evening to a vigorous informal discussion on methods of agitation. Somebody said: 'You must vary your tactics. Marching and sitting is all very well but you can't repeat it *ad infinitum*. Unless the volume of protest swells very rapidly, the momentum will decline.' Malcolm Muggeridge – not himself by any means a unilateralist – then said that if he were advising the CND he would suggest a mass attendance, arriving in column complete with banners, at churches on Christmas Day. The effect on the normal church-goers, many of whom would be backwoods men and women in their politics, couldn't fail to be considerable. Even if it caused some apoplexy it would be bound to do more good than harm. I thought this an excellent idea and have tried to suggest it to one or two officials. So far, it's met with some sympathy. Also one or two rather surprising reactions. An unquestionably sincere young supporter of the Committee of 100 snorted that I, avowedly non-religious – even anti-religious – was being cynically propagandist and that such insincere tactics would never do. I charged her with being illogical. If she marched in demonstrations with Canon Collins and Michael Scott why shouldn't she – and I – process to church on Christmas or any other day? I'm glad to see the Christians themselves are showing a tolerant attitude towards their fellow disarmers. 'Humanists, atheists and the rest have been dedicated enough to sit,' writes the Reverend Denis Shaw of Bethnal Green; 'We must show at least as much dedication.' He is organising a meeting to be held in Trafalgar Square on 19 November at which Christians will kneel. His point is that the church has a prophetic responsibility to proclaim that the Bomb is a sin before God and a great moral evil. He tells me he has only had one argument against this contention. It came from a bishop who said: 'Ah yes, but remember that "an evil and an adulterous generation seeketh a sign"; perhaps God doesn't want the church to be unequivocal – perhaps He wants every man to make up his own mind.' Holy smoke!

A career is what it's worth

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Fireworks are so comparatively innocent compared with other explosives that one hesitates to pontificate. Nevertheless the elaborate variety of accidents last week-end does seem to be mildly abnormal. Apart from the frightful holocaust at the Thames-side bungalow, I'm told around 150 children were received at eye hospitals. It's slightly ironic that the pyrotechnic festival should have coincided with the police amnesty for guns and dangerous weapons. The deeper historic significance of Fawkes's *Putsch* has never been evaluated, so far as I know. I'm not surprised. The motivation is very complicated. Why do we celebrate the escape of the House of Commons from the charcoal-grimed hands of this hardy Catholic propagandist by displays of the very fireworks themselves? Surely there's powerful ambivalence at work here. The Fifth of November has always been a danger-night. In Oxford it used to be the evening for horrid fights between Town and Gown. As late as 1925 I remember Robert Byron making an inflammatory speech from the window of the New Reform Club, still then being subsidised by the Lloyd George Fund. When told he was going too far he said: 'It does no harm to insult the mob; if they have any real spirit they will fight back.' Last Saturday's dust-up in Trafalgar Square was the nastiest for some time: youth versus the police. The police got quite a rough time and there were more casualties than ever before. This was one disturbance which nobody can possibly blame on nuclear disarmers. If we live in an apocalypse, we must expect the accompanying symptoms.

* * *

Fleas at the Ritz! You remember how the dread rumour ran round that exotic, probably Balkan, capital in Ronald Firbank's *The Flower Beneath the Foot* (no connection, needless to say, with our own luxurious Edwardian monument in Piccadilly)? But does not the cry of: 'Woodworm in the Uffizzi!' give all aesthetes everywhere a graver shock? Nevertheless, it appears to be true. An English traveller just returned from Florence tells me he was horrified to observe 'several sizeable worm-holes, as big as a pin's head', in not only the frame but the very fabric itself of Lippo Lippi's *The Annunciation*. They were, he feared, fresh worm-holes; he saw the worm-dust that had dribbled down from the busy jaws on to the ledge of the frame. Himself knowledgeable about furniture, he thinks the worms may have arrived recently in the gallery via a new frame. The *Annunciation* hangs in the Botticelli room along with the *Primavera*. The gallery, in general, is well lit and well looked after. I hope the authorities will act before the creeping annihilation goes too far.

* * *

Can we blame the closing down of the Hampstead Heath Riding School, in Downshire Hill, on the government? I think we must. If it hadn't been for an 80 per cent increase in rent, Captain Docwra, the former Polish cavalry officer who has with exemplary care and patience been teaching children to ride for the past 14 years, would be able to carry on. The fate of his stable, which has been fully booked up month after month, shows you what small chance a one-man enterprise, however useful and efficient of its kind, stands in the Great Wen today. I don't know what the landlord will do with this small stable yard when the riding school has gone, but I doubt if it can be anything that will give as much pleasure and instruction. (It's been suggested that a garage may appear.) The last few Sunday mornings in Downshire Hill have been heart-rending, with teenagers in jodhpurs and jockey caps crying their eyes out. You would think that the preservation of such an obvious amenity would be a matter for the local authorities.

* * *

Last week in Moscow Krushchev was saying: 'Expand! Why should we? We have everything we need here, everything, that is, except bananas, cocoa and coffee. These we shall cultivate ourselves when we need them.' I don't know about the bananas and the coffee, but he obviously isn't going to wait for the cocoa to grow under his feet. It was announced this week that a Ghana trade delegation have signed a long-term agreement with the USSR, part of which covers the sale of Ghana cocoa beans in quantities rising from 35,000 tons in the first year to 60,000 tons in the fifth. I don't know whether the tea-drinking Russians will need any special political persuasion to drink cocoa. Thirty thousand tons of beans seems an awful lot; more than even the female student-population of the USSR can drink. I'm told that in this country one of the most striking pieces of cocoa-promotion was done, literally in his cups, by a certain local retailer who had overstocked. He spread the rumour that cocoa was a powerful aphrodisiac because the Yohimbe tree, from which Africans do indeed extract an alkaloid with curious properties, grew hard by the cocoa plantations and in any crop of cocoa its excitant seeds, windborne, were bound to be present. This is one of those indirect, oblique sales stories known to advertising agents as sibs (sibilants). They are sometimes very effective.

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While my husband was in hospital recently, there was a terrific argument in the ward about politics. Some patients started running down royalty and Mr Churchill, and my husband (a staunch supporter of both) wouldn't argue, but lay back in bed and sang 'God Save The Queen' at the top of his voice. The result – absolute silence. – Letter in *Woman*. (K. Watts.)

The 269 Tristan da Cunha islanders made homeless by a volcanic eruption arrive at Southampton today.

They will start to learn about life in Britain from films. The Central Office of Information has arranged a programme of films about counties, the press, television, Trooping the Colour, and other subjects. – *Guardian*. (E. M. Holroyd.)

'Of course the ban-the-bombers are fanning the flames again with their demonstrations attacking milk. But those pictures of Mr Macmillan and Lord Hailsham drinking milk at the Dairy Show gave people confidence. They thought, "obviously it can't be so bad if those chaps are drinking it".' – National Dairymen's Association reported in *Observer*. (Y. Havill.)

Salazar's Last Election?

PATRICIA McGOWAN PINHEIRO

On Sunday, for the eighth time since Salazar's 'New State' came into being in 1933, voting will take place in Portugal for deputies for the National Assembly. These deputies will be 'chosen' not only in Portugal itself but also in the colonies. Whether the 'New State' will outlast the life of the new National Assembly or whether the whole shoddy fabric of the Salazar régime will be swept away before four years are up is now the key question in Portugal. With a withdrawal of all opposition candidates on Monday, the elections will be more of a farce than ever.

If the National Assembly had in fact any real powers, then the incoming deputies would be faced with graver responsibilities than any of their predecessors. For the first time the Salazar regime, whose chief boast has been the 'peace and order' it had established, has a war on its hands. For the first time the comparative apathy of world opinion towards Europe's oldest dictatorship has turned to odium. Internationally, Salazar has a host of diplomatic problems: in the United Nations there has been universal condemnation – excepting always from Britain and South Africa; in Nato, upon whose arms he depends, there has been sharp criticism; in relations with individual States, even the US, there is strain.

In the last fortnight alone two cases have arisen in which even the British government has had to recognise, at least by implication, that Portuguese political refugees have the right not to be sent back home. There were the two Angolan seamen who fled from a Portuguese ship in Hong Kong: finally the British authorities allowed them to stay long enough to make their way to India, which had offered them asylum.

Here in Britain the Home Secretary gave

sympathetic consideration to the representations of bodies such as the National Council for Civil Liberties and the Council for Freedom in Portugal and the Portuguese Colonies in the Rosa case. Although Fernando Bettencourt Rosa, a young ex-lieutenant who, had been jailed and tortured by Salazar's political police in Mozambique, has not been given the formal political asylum in Britain for which he asked, his case is the first in which an avowed political refugee from Salazar has been granted a residence permit.

But in Angola the war still goes on. Official communiqués claiming victory over the rebels and resettlement of the northern areas are, according to the Angolan nationalists, largely wishful thinking. There is little doubt that the Angolan uprising took Salazar by surprise. There can also be little doubt that his government is still not fully aware how ill-prepared it is to meet a situation that might, as in Algeria, drag on for years, steadily draining metropolitan Portugal of its already meagre resources in material and manpower.

The effects of eight months of war are already being felt at home, and consequent discontent has in great measure rendered ineffective the government's jingoistic appeals for national unity against foreign aggression. When people live at starvation level, the slightest squeeze can have disastrous effects – and Portuguese wages and living standards generally are already the lowest in Europe.

A sharp rise in prices, plus the heavy taxes imposed last summer on many articles including cigarettes, have pushed up the cost of living steeply. There is no question of offsetting this by collective bargaining or strike action as there are no trade unions in the accepted sense, and strikes are illegal. Indeed, factory workers are further penalised. An important part of the government's fund-raising activities since the war started has been its appeal for 'gifts' from the public, including wage deductions and 'work-days' virtually imposed by employers at the government's behest. The call-up of reservists has also had a direct effect on the living standards of thousands of families who find themselves deprived of the chief wage-earner.

But no open discussion of any of these problems has been permitted during the election campaign. And the more far-reaching issue of how Portugal can face the future without colonial possessions is not even hinted at. As usual in all Portuguese elections since the end of the war, when the Opposition first began to contest them, the immediate issue dividing the regime's opponents was the question of how best to use the extremely limited opportunities of public expression which the campaign period provided. Indeed, when General Delgado ran for the presidency in 1958, it was the first time that there was actually a choice of candidates at the polling booth. Hitherto the Opposition had always withdrawn from the campaign before polling day on the ground that without guarantees of civil liberties and fair conduct of the election itself participation would be meaningless.

Everyone is agreed that the elections are a facade and only serve for Salazar to pretend to the world that his regime is not a dictatorship. But some oppositionists felt that taking part, even under grave handicaps, gave an opportunity at least of speaking out against the dictatorship and letting people know that an alternative to Salazar existed. But more argued that participation in the campaign simply helped the regime to put over the pretence that a fair fight was in progress, and then when it won, as it inevitably must, the government could pretend that the opposition

THE KETTLE AND THE MONEY-BOX

an economic fable

ONCE UPON A TIME a kettle and a money-box lived together on the mantelshelf of a farmhouse kitchen. The kettle led a busy life. He was always being taken down from his place and set on the hob to boil up water for tea or for scrubbing. In fact, he started to feel he never got a moment's rest. So he began, as a way of relieving his feelings, to jeer at the money-box.

"You," said the kettle, "are nothing but an idle good-for-nothing. There you sit, with a silly smile on your face, swallowing up the money the farmer's wife brings you. I can't see why she does it. You ought to get an honest job."—"I already do an honest job," said the money-box, as gently as he could. "Well, you tell me how," jeered the kettle. "As far as I can see, you're just something more to be dusted."

"Tell me," said the money-box, "do you remember the time when the farmer's wife left you on too long, and you boiled bone-dry and had a hole burnt in you?"—"Do I not?" said the kettle feelingly. "But I didn't see you hopping off that shelf to bring help."—"How do you think you got yourself mended then?" asked the money-box. "They sent me off to the tinker," said the kettle. "And that cost money, I imagine?" said the money-box. "Of course it did."—"And where do you think the money came from?"—"I didn't ask," said the kettle a bit huffily. "Well, it came out of me," said the money-box triumphantly. "That's one of the things I'm for. I make sure there's always money to spare when things go wrong."

"I can't see that getting one poor old kettle out of a bad spot is much to boast of," said the kettle. "It isn't—but think of all the other things I help with on the farm." "You're just used for things for the house," said the kettle rudely. "You don't keep your eyes open," said the money-box. "A lot more goes into me than is needed for mending you. The money doesn't just lie there either. I'm emptied every week. And then the money's used for buying all sorts of things that make the farm yield more. The farmer's new plough this spring came out of me."

"What an altruist!" sneered the kettle. "Well, if doing an important job properly—helping you, and the farmer's wife, and the farmer himself, is altruism, I suppose I am," the money-box agreed placidly. "But after all, saving's what I'm for—and I reckon I earn my keep if I'm left to get on with it. Just as you do, and all those saucepans and frying pans with you."

Then the farmer's wife came hurrying in and popped another penny in his mouth.

MORAL:

The best way of knowing a job is to do it for a living.

• • • • •

ISSUED BY THE LIFE OFFICES' ASSOCIATION,
LONDON—AND ASSOCIATED
SCOTTISH LIFE OFFICES, EDINBURGH.

was fairly defeated. Those who held this view advocated a complete boycott of elections under Salazar, and this attitude has now prevailed.

There can be little doubt that the government most fears the idea of total boycott. An example of this is what has happened in Mozambique in the current campaign. As in other Portuguese African colonies, voting rights for what they are worth are virtually restricted to the white population. This means that in Mozambique the six million-odd African population is disfranchised and the election is restricted to the 80,000 'civilised' inhabitants – and Salazar's much lauded reform of colonial law has not altered this position. With a stroke of the pen Africans who had for centuries been considered 'uncivilised' became 'civilised' overnight and were given full citizenship rights. But this has not brought them the vote. In any case few would pass the rigorous literacy and property qualifications necessary. What has not been publicised by Salazar is that the electoral register was drawn up months before the reform!

Although some opposition candidates did in fact come forward, the Movimento Democratico de Moçambique from the outset called for a total boycott of the elections – not simply because they would be the usual Fascist farce, but also because even the fairest election if conducted among whites only would be a travesty of democracy. So, in Portuguese East Africa the elections have been suspended altogether by the authorities. This measure must have been a singularly galling one for Salazar to take, as in recent weeks Colonial Minister Adriano Moreira has been making a prolonged visit to the territory in an effort to win over dissident whites for the government in its last colonial stronghold.

In Portugal itself, despite intimidation and continuing arrests, opposition candidates did come forward in most constituencies. Although the government turned down their demands for electoral guarantees, it was finally forced to permit circulation of the previously banned 'Programme for the Democratisation of the Republic' as well as an election manifesto setting forth the candidates' platform. The manifesto, which was published in the main newspapers, has been savagely attacked by government spokesmen, especially on the colonial question. The opposition, say the Salazarists, takes the same line on the Portuguese colonies as the Afro-Asian and Communist blocs.

This accusation is of course the usual type of smear tactic used by Salazar against his opponents. The manifesto in fact takes up no position on the question of immediate colonial independence. 'Despite agreement with defending territorial integrity', the manifesto says, it is urgent that a democratic solution be found to the colonial problem and measures be taken for improving native standards 'and there should be taken into account the freely expressed will of the peoples concerned in order to lead them to that degree of autonomy which they freely and responsibly desire.' Even this mild paternalism is regarded as wildly revolutionary.

The outcome of the election was, of course, never in doubt. Only some 25 per cent of the adult population of Portugal possess voting qualifications; Salazar's chief victims, the poor and illiterate, cannot vote; even those qualified to do so have difficulty getting on the electoral register, when opposition candidates may be disqualified by the authorities; there are no opposition scrutineers allowed at polling stations; and the jails are filled with opposition leaders and supporters. These are all reasons why the opposition has withdrawn: Salazar will get his rubber-stamp vote. But this will inevitably contribute to the growing feeling in Portugal that he will be defeated only by armed force – at home as well as in the colonies.

Death of a Unicorn

DONALD OGDEN STEWART

My earliest memory of James Thurber was when I was hitting 'Beans' Horne in the stomach. Thurber was not reporting the fight for the *Columbus Dispatch* at the time, as he was nine years old and I was seven-and-a-half days older. The scene was behind the outdoor toilets of Sullivant School and the time was the recess period, early in the autumn of 1903 – two additional facts which I owe to his gift for 'total recall', with which he always astounded me whenever he came to London. He furthermore astonishingly remembers that I won the fight – a fact which I should strongly doubt except for another of Thurber's exceptional qualities: his high regard for the truth and his contempt for flattery.

My own unaided memories of Thurber begin in Columbus, Ohio, at Christmas time some 20 years later. By this time he *was* actually working as a reporter for the *Dispatch*; and, as I was starting out on my first (and last) 'humorous' lecture tour as a result of having published two or three books of parody and satire, he had come to my hotel to interview me. My recollection of that happy re-union is somewhat clouded by the fact that, inasmuch as Columbus in those prohibition days was very tightly dry, Thurber had brought with him a gallon of something which his wife Althea and he had evolved from a secret recipe revealed to them by an aunt on his mother's side.

As we sampled the home-brew the years dropped happily away; it is possibly one of the few interviews which included the repeated singing of 'Down By The Old Mill Stream'. Then, as always, Thurber could remember the exact words of every song. What was even more enjoyable, I discovered that he was an understanding and appreciative disciple of what was known in those days as 'crazy humour'. I can still remember the joyful howls of Thurber laughter as we prepared my interview in a form which would have pleased Tristran Tzara or Lewis Carroll, but which certainly did not please the bewildered readers of the *Dispatch* on the following Sunday.

The next time I ran into him was some four years later, in the pages of a new magazine called the *New Yorker*, and shortly after that in the back room of Tony's, the best of the thousands of speakeasies run by a 'Tony'. The re-union once more was a joyful one and once more included 'The Old Mill Stream', in which Robert Benchley and Dorothy Parker enthusiastically joined. Sometime around three in the morning Thurber, beginning to worry that Althea might think he was out somewhere drinking, departed in the direction of home.

Three minutes later he was back at our table, with what might be described as a rather exalted look on his face. 'Elephants', he announced happily, in the same awed tone in which one might report one's first impression of the cathedral at Chartres or a performance by Eleanora Duse. 'Elephants', he repeated, 'walking west along 52nd Street, holding each other's tails.' We welcomed his seemingly imaginative contribution to our own crazy world with enthusiasm; it was only when he appeared doubtful that Althea would accept this as an excuse for his late return that we went to the door and witnessed a procession of Ringling Bros animals on their way from the New York Central railroad yards to Madison Square Garden, where the circus was to open the following Monday.

Thurber's world was like that. Years later he wrote the fable of a husband who happily saw a unicorn eating the roses in his garden. After he had fed the animal with a few lilies, he reported his glorious experience to his wife, who scornfully informed him that the unicorn was 'a mythical creature'.

So, thank God, was James Thurber. His loss is irreparable.

Correspondence

DEFENCE BY COWARDICE

SIR, – In your recent editorial, 'Defence by Cowardice', you are caught on the horns of the Crossman-Padley dilemma: how to reduce our dependence on nuclear weapons while maintaining present defence commitments. The answer, of course, is that it can't be done without introducing conscription and increasing arms expenditure. Crossman's solution is to reduce our commitments; yours is to bring back conscription. There is a third way.

We are all apt to forget that the basis of Labour's foreign and defence policy is disengagement which, applied to Europe, would mean a neutral, demilitarised zone including Germany and part of eastern Europe. Limited, national, non-nuclear forces only would be permitted in this zone, supervised by contingents of the United Nations Expeditionary Force. No foreign troops would be allowed, except under the direct orders of UNEF command. Paramilitary forces in the two German states could be brought down to less than 100,000 men each, and UNEF would have a permanent establishment of, say, 50,000 men based in Berlin. Berlin would make the ideal headquarters for UNEF operations, not only in Europe, but throughout the world. Administrative offices and a staff college would be set up, and in time the United Nations would recruit its own forces internationally. The presence of the United Nations would ensure West Berlin's survival as a free city, and would reduce the present dangerous friction between the great powers. As a result, Britain's commitments in Germany would be reduced from the present costly and inefficient BAOR to a small contingent seconded to UNEF.

Thus the policy of disengagement would not only increase our national security, but at the same time would allow considerable reductions in defence expenditure and manpower and render conscription totally unnecessary.

R. J. FLETCHER

Little Shelford
Cambridgeshire

THE LABOUR LEFT

SIR, – Having withdrawn his charges of 'misquotations', Mr Crossman now accuses me of 'misuse of quotations'. The solitary example he provides shows the latter charge to be as un-

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founded as the former. In the lengthy passage I devote to *Labour and the Nation* in my book, I explicitly state that its authors attributed an acceptance of 'tentative, doctrineless Socialism' to Tories and Liberals, and I go on to show why the document suggested that 'while Tories and Liberals were only reluctant converts to "tentative, doctrineless Socialism", Labour men had always been its eager apostles'. (*Parliamentary Socialism*, p. 156).

As for Mr Crossman's example of 'tendentious distortion', I hold the sentence he quotes to be a succinct and accurate statement of fact, and it is surely up to Mr Crossman to prove me wrong.

I may add that after the grave accusations Mr Crossman made in his review of my book, I had expected him to provide rather more convincing evidence of my alleged derelictions.

RALPH MILIBAND

1 Rosecroft Avenue, NW3

SIR, – This is hardly Mr Crossman's finest hour in the reviewing business. First he withdraws his accusation of misquotation and then he proceeds to credit me with the joint authorship of *Parliamentary Socialism* when he only has to look at the dust cover, the publisher's blurb, the title page, the list of acknowledgments and the heading of his own review to see that the author is in fact Ralph Miliband. He continues his series of misstatements by his remark about 'the contempt the authors (sic) display for those of us who believe in political education, which they describe at one point as "a new form of *attentisme*"'. Many no doubt read these words with a good deal of surprise for if there is one thing the Left are all agreed about it is an emphasis upon political education by propaganda, discussion and publication (the sense in which Mr Crossman is using the phrase). Mr Crossman is again hopelessly misreading Miliband. The words 'a new form of *attentisme*' relate to the political activities of the Labour leaders after 1931, when their emphasis upon the need for Socialist education was combined with a refusal 'to further that education by the organisation, outside parliament, of a militant movement in defence of working class interests' (Miliband, p. 230: the *attentisme* reference is on p. 194); and in particular, one should add, by their refusal to organise a movement in the country on behalf of the unemployed. Mr Crossman must really have read this book at breakneck speed on his way to some other destination. The extraordinary thing, according to his own statement, is that he read it twice.

But Mr Crossman's letter discusses some of the crucial questions that face the movement today; and they will, I hope, be widely and seriously debated. His own analysis of the miserable record of the Fifties may be summed up as (a) Labour would have lost 'whatever we said or did'; and (b) nevertheless, by becoming obsessed with electoral considerations, by jettisoning its radical policies and by adopting the postures of an alternative government, the Labour Party becomes 'not the anti-Establishment party but an alternative team of management inside the Establishment' (*Labour in the Affluent Society*, p. 3). But it is precisely the inability of Labour to differentiate itself from the Tories that is the meaning of the 'sickness of Labourism', and which accounts for the failures of the last decade. For I do not accept the affluent society argument as the cause of failure, since what Miliband has demonstrated so effectively is the bankruptcy of parliamentary Socialism in both affluence and depression – in the Thirties as well as the Fifties.

We all know that the Labour Party today is no longer regarded as the agent of radical change, and that an increasing proportion of the electorate cannot see any substantial difference between the two front benches. When Mr George Brown roars about our defence inadequacies, no one seriously believes that if he were to take the Defence Minister's place there would be any major change in our defence policy. Or perhaps Mr Brown, as his contribution to a new start, is going to accept Labour's conference decisions on Polaris and German troops? When Mr Gaitskell, fresh from his Blackpool triumphs in keeping the Bomb for the Labour Party (for that is how it is understood in the country), proceeds to damn the Russians for their tests and at the same time forgets to ask the government what their intentions are towards their own tests (*Guardian*, 1 November) what combination of unprintable words are we expected to put together for this kind of hypocrisy? And will Mr Gaitskell forget his Russian vocabulary when the Americans start re-testing? It is time to put these questions to Mr Crossman. He argued in his Fabian pamphlet in 1960 that no opposition party can sustain its dynamic unless it attacks the government of the day and campaigns for radical causes. He believes that this is what went wrong in the Fifties. And what does he believe today about the present situation in the Labour Party?

JOHN SAVILLE

152 Westbourne Avenue
Hull

THE MORONIC MASS

SIR, – I was one of the G.C.E. candidates who answered the question '"A near-moronic mass, spoonfed with opinions, embracing a baseless popular culture." Is this a fair description of our society?' I do not of course remember exactly what I said. I believe it amounted to 'No' to the first part, 'Yes' to the remaining parts.

Mr Brian Jackson, in presenting his social-attitude index, misquotes. Not only does he write 'enamoured with' for 'embracing a', but he gives in his statistics the alternatives: 'People are *merely* spoonfed with opinions' and 'No, they have minds of their own.' He gives his support, by implication, to the second, and is surprised to find intelligent candidates choosing the first alternative. Yet one may be spoonfed and still dislike the taste. For example, large numbers of Labour voters must read the *Daily Sketch* and the *Daily Express*. Is it not legitimate to say that they are 'spoonfed' with opinions and assumptions which they do not share? Mr Jackson has been trapped by the metaphor into two alternatives which are not mutually exclusive.

I dislike meritocratic snobbery as much as Mr Jackson, and, being a public-school boy, cannot comment on the situation caused by the 11-plus. Yet I see all levels of society as 'spoonfed with opinions'. The daily press does its utmost to save us the effort of thinking for ourselves. We accept its judgements, with inward reservations perhaps, but with little external protest.

PATRICK PARRINDER

Leighton Park School
Reading
Berks

SIR, – It wouldn't do for readers to think that Grammar school children are mostly little snobs.

Of Mr Jackson's 500 children, the enormous majority, 80 per cent, have chosen to ignore the class question. It was a question whose wording ('near-moronic mass') was anyway loaded so that conformism alone would produce the meritocratic answer. The very most we can conclude is that 12 per cent of them, whether they become teachers or not, may incline to an authoritarian view of affairs, and seven per cent to dissension. Of the remainder, as far as this study goes, we know nothing.

NICOLAS MALLESON

University of London Institute of Education
Malet Street, WC1

SCHOLARS AT WAR

SIR, – Dr M. I. Finley's review of my book *Mycenaeans and Minoans* was so splenetic that many will have suspected that I had done him a good turn. What stings him appears in the tail of the review. A year or so back I proffered him a helping hand when he stumbled in his special field of Greek land tenure. But he will have it that the new evidence does not exist, though it includes a virtually complete land register in two versions. Still, none so blind as cannot see, and Dr Finley's vision is attuned to the obscurities of his preferred Dark Age, where there is merciful dispensation from the requirement of Linear B.

Apropos of social structure, he resorts to the oldest trick in reviewing – the juxtaposition of widely separated passages to contrive an apparent contradiction. Many aspects of the new picture recall the temple states of the Orient. But we also know of other types of holding, above all of the *demos*, acting as a corporate body and recording a protest to the Palace about the tenurial status of a holding. As with the Hittites, we see the results of the adaptation of the institutions of an invading people to those of the natives. Both these aspects are stressed in my book. There is also the express comment that this is no mere offshoot of the Orient. The same is true of religion. Dr Finley will have it that I have contradicted myself. Like Homer, he is surprised; like Homer he nods.

Book production, too, is a mystery to Dr Finley. To prove that I suppress the view of others he chides me with omitting the name of John Boardman. Mr Boardman's views command especial attention because it is known that I committed my material to his confidence on his acceptance of my invitation to act as co-editor. He and I submitted our cases to a private meeting of scholars last February, but his first printed article came out in September. My mind's eye dwells with fascination on the spectacle of an experienced author like Dr Finley as he conscientiously searches my index ('unreliable') for a reference to an article which had appeared a few weeks before. Should not the trained historian have noted that the latest passage in my book is the postscript to the Introduction referring to *The Times* of 8 February, in which Mr Hood retracted his previous statement that he had found evidence confirming Evans's dating of the tablets?

What in fact is all the fuss about? A very simple question indeed: what was the exact

PATRICK
WHITE

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New Statesman (A. Alvarez):

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find-spot of a small lump of inscribed clay, SM 700? Evans said it was part of a hoard found in decisive stratigraphic conditions in the northern part of the palace. Now we know from his own record that he found only this one scrap near the south-west entrance. Why should this be important? Because it was Evans's only detailed argument for dating the tablets. This was a severe shock to confidence. Then further study showed that Evans had carried out a test excavation in that part of the palace in 1923 and had failed to report his results.

Dr Finley now protests that the matter is one for archaeologists alone. It is an unkind implication that this is a science in which knowledge of the facts does not matter. Those facts will be communicated in the projected volume *The Find Places of the Knossos Tablets.* Dr Finley finds that such announcements, translated into 'plain English', are tantamount to a refusal to discuss the question in the only permissible way. Certainly we shall listen to the archaeologists once I have acquainted them with the recorded facts. But the decipherment of Linear B means that the philologist, too, may claim a hearing. Pendlebury, author of the *Archaeology of Crete,* was more modest about his subject: archaeology is only a makeshift in the absence of written documents. The passage is quoted on the last page of my book.

I end with my most serious complaint. Dr Finley was a signatory of a letter published in the *Observer,* 10 July 1960, protesting that nothing in my article justified the 'Piltdown' issue raised in a news column. A week before, only a few hours after the appearance of my article, I broadcast a statement to the same effect. Dr Finley now says that I made a strategic withdrawal after a bitter attack. Memories are short.

L. R. PALMER

Worcester College
Oxford

M. I. Finley writes: Facts do matter. It would help if Professor Palmer did not suppress so many and got the others right. My letter of 10 July 1960 was only incidentally an objection to what *The Observer* did in its news column; it was chiefly an objection to Professor Palmer's article, insisting that he bears the sole responsibility for befogging the discussion with the 'misrepresentation' issue. His 'helping hand' of 'a year or so back' is presumably a whimsical reference to his article in the *Economic History Review* of August 1958, written in reply to one of mine published a year earlier. Anyone who wishes can read both and judge for himself, as he can judge whether Professor Palmer did or did not flagrantly contradict himself *in context,* whether his index is reliable or not.

Many readers however may lack the information to appreciate the full measure of Professor Palmer's self-discipline in refusing to recognise the existence of John Boardman and his arguments. The two men worked together at the Cnossus day-books for several months. In *The Observer,* also for 10 July 1960, Professor Palmer wrote of Mr Boardman: 'to him my indebtedness is especially deep'. They debated the issues at a meeting of the Mycenaean Seminar of the University of London on 8 February 1961. Fully documented minutes were immediately sent, not only to those present, but also to a wider group of scholars (like myself). Neither in his book (p. 127 for example), nor in earlier publications, has Professor Palmer ever been reluctant to cite the Seminar minutes to prove his prior claim to some idea. But Mr Boardman has disappeared without a trace. Could it be because Professor Palmer actually expects readers to believe that our interest in a leading classical archaeologist rests on no better grounds than his curious formulation, 'because it is known that I committed my material to his confidence'? But Professor Palmer now tells us that all archaeologists must wait for him to acquaint them with 'the recorded facts'. I am reminded of a remark once made about a well-known correspondent: 'He reports only facts; he believes that everything he says is a fact.'

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CLEANING PICTURES

Sɪʀ, – All lovers of art must be grateful to Andrew Forge for his original article in your paper raising the question of the cleaning of the pictures at the National Gallery and for his judicious and revealing report on the recent debate at the Institute of Contemporary Arts.

This report has made it quite clear that those of us who are critical of the National Gallery's method of cleaning are not opposed to the principle of cleaning as such but to that form of cleaning which fails to take into account the whole aesthetic appearance of the picture. Moreover, we deplore the use of acetone.

These views are held by the majority of those whose business it is to write about or study painting in one form or another; in fact, it is most significant that the men who came out against the Gallery's policy during the debate included a painter, an art critic and an art historian. Moreover, besides Professor Gombrich, who spoke in the debate, two other Professors of Art History – Sir Anthony Blunt and Professor John White – have publicly expressed their disapproval.

What may not be generally known is that many of the senior picture restorers and art dealers in this country are dissatisfied with the present situation; however, their professions make it difficult for them to express their views. Moreover, many leading members of the staffs of museums in this country and abroad, who hold similar opinions, are equally alarmed.

Until now the Trustees of the National Gallery have declined to reply to any of the recent criticisms. I hope I am not being unfair in pointing out that the majority of the Board has no more than an amateur's knowledge of the subject. Surely the Board, who presumably feel reluctant to pass judgement on a matter generally outside their competence, should ask the government to appoint a committee to hear evidence and prepare a report?

Dᴇɴʏs Sᴜᴛᴛᴏɴ

Sɪʀ, – The 'flat disagreement' between the undersigned on the subject of acetone in picture cleaning, which was described by Andrew Forge, may be further elucidated. At the ICA meeting of 26 October, SRJ said 'Acetone, of the commonly used solvents, is the most powerful.' GT disagreed, until SRJ added 'of the commonly used solvents alcohol and acetone'.

To dot the i's and cross the t's on this matter of the use of the word 'commonly', we add:

(1) Neat acetone has, in most cases, a more powerful action on old oil film than neat alcohol.
(2) Both alcohol and acetone can be, and are, safely used in skilled hands.
(3) We retain the right to differ on aesthetic questions.

Sᴛᴇᴘʜᴇɴ Rᴇᴇs Jᴏɴᴇs
Head of the Department of Technology
Courtauld Institute of Art

G. Tʜᴏᴍᴘsᴏɴ
Scientific Adviser
National Gallery

BARBARA CASTLE FUND

Sɪʀ, – Following the settlement of the last of Barbara Castle's legal actions arising from her visit to Cyprus, and after we have received from Mrs Castle for payment into the appeal fund the amounts paid to her by way of damages in her successful actions, a deficit in respect of her total costs still remains amounting to £1,300. Mrs Castle has asked me to thank very warmly on her behalf all those who have contributed so generously to the fund. If any person or organisation still wishes to make a contribution would they send it to me as soon as possible in order that the appeal may be wound up?

Mᴏʀɢᴀɴ Pʜɪʟʟɪᴘs,
Secretary

The Labour Party
Transport House, SW1

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

George MacDonald

NAOMI LEWIS

For any adult who first met his work as a child, the name of George MacDonald must even now have a deep evocative power. The tales that such a reader is likely to know are *At the Back of the North Wind, The Princess and the Goblin, The Princess and Curdie*; just possibly some of the shorter stories (they are now reprinted again* after many years), just possibly *Phantastes*. Everything else – the rest of the 50-odd books that he wrote in his long life (1824-1905), even the man himself, one of the most vivid and valued figures of the Victorian scene – seems to have utterly vanished.

Or is it entirely so? He can be found in the Lewis Carroll photographs, sombre, bearded and elegant, a patriarchal figure among all his serious phthisic children. (The final count was 11.) Another familiar photograph – not Carroll's – shows him with Thackeray, Macaulay, Lytton, Carlyle, Dickens, Froude, Wilkie Collins and Trollope – an incredible literary gathering. If we have tracked down the only MacDonald biography, the one by his doctor son Greville (1924), we have read of his austere Aberdeenshire beginnings; of his losing his first and only post as a minister for heretical opinions (he remained all the same through his books a preacher for life) and of his battle thereafter to live by his pen. Lady Byron – so long after Byron's death – became the young Scotsman's patron and told him much. And he was Ruskin's confidant in that eerie disastrous courtship of the young girl Rose de la Touche. We meet such news of the living man with a curious sense of surprise.

But the half-century's silence since MacDonald's death has not been entirely undisturbed. His quality is such that it is hard to 'discover' him without a feeling of shock, and this has been best voiced by his foremost disciple today, Dr C. S. Lewis. As a young man, he tells us, he casually bought at a station bookstall an *Everyman* copy of *Phantastes*: 'A few hours later I knew that I had crossed a great frontier . . .' And Auden, in the preface to an (American) edition of *Lilith* and *Phantastes* in 1954, observed: 'In his power to project his inner life into images, events, beings and landscapes, which are valid for all, he is one of the most remarkable writers of the 19th century.' And now a book† has appeared by a leading Harvard historian in which for the first time the whole of Macdonald's fictional work is assessed. It is a sane and illuminating study.

What do we chiefly recall, after years, from the MacDonald tales that we read? The question is not an idle one. Staircases, of course, leading upwards to attic or loft (*good* dwellings), or downwards to cavern or mine. Evil (goblins or London roughs) and the shining power of innocence (Diamond, Irene) to walk through it all unharmed. Water, the primal element in which even witchcraft must fail (the lake in 'The Light Princess'); the swooning joys of the ritual bath described so often in *The Princess* and 'The Golden Key'. But above all one remembers the Lady (North Wind or regal ancestress), the great maternal goddess and queen who appears in so many forms; old as history; young and voluptuous, yet stern with authority. Thus, in that masterly little tale 'The Golden Key', the child discovers a beautiful woman stirring a pot in a cottage. She is 'tall and strong, with white arms and neck and a delicate flush on her face. . . . She had not one ornament upon her, but she looked as if she had just put off quantities of diamonds and emeralds.' She is 'thousands of years old,' she tells the child, yet she looks but 23.

It is hardly surprising that these things impress us, for they occur, again and again, in the many forgotten books now brought to our notice again by Dr Wolff. And indeed certain facts in MacDonald's life have so strong a place in his work that they might be outlined here. He lost his mother (of tuberculosis) when he was eight, and kept all his life a letter which described her sorrow when the infant had to be weaned. There was his failure to stay in the ministry, which seemed to impel him to preach in his fictional books. There was the prevalence of disease and death in his family, brothers and sisters, children of his own and their children too. And another episode had for 50 years its haunting literary echoes. In 1842, his son's book tells us, he spent some months in a great house or castle in the North, cataloguing a neglected library. It is a strange fact that the son could never discover the identity of this place. But the castle with the student librarian appears again and again in MacDonald's books, and with it another figure, of a dark-eyed girl of the castle family, who allowed him to fall in love with her and then rejected him. Added to all these things was the life-long influence of the romantic German Novalis, dead at 29; MacDonald's first published book was a translation of his poems.

But it was only in the few great fairy books that the many strands were resolved in terms of art. Almost all of these, and the shorter tales in the present collection, were written in the years between 1864 and 1870, a period of happiness and good health that was not to last. *At the Back of the North Wind* has among these a peculiar interest, for it is set in a topical London scene: the London of Mayhew. It even preserves for our gaze an infant crossing-sweeper, as *The Water Babies* preserves an infant chimney-sweep. It is a tale of the power of innocence, for the boy Diamond, the poor coachman's son, moves unharmed through the evils of Mayhew's jungle by being entirely good (and also, perhaps, an 'innocent' in the Dostoievskian sense). But it is also a wild story, for the North Wind, the great protecting and teaching spirit, carries the little dreamer to the ends of the earth on her journeys, to the gargoyled tops of cathedrals, the high seas in tempest, the furthest icy regions of the poles. The best of all the Arthur Hughes illustrations are in this book; it is hard to understand how a publisher (as one has recently done) can spoil an edition by coy and feeble pictorial substitutes.

The stories in *The Light Princess* collection, besides their evident nursery humour, mystery and charm, are exceptionally interesting in relation to later works. Many of the motifs in *North Wind* and the *Princess* books are given here, as it were, a preliminary test. On its own terms, however, the most important work in the book is 'The Golden Key', which achieves a kind of perfection. Briefly, and in marvellous images, it tells of a boy and girl who meet and journey through life to old age and death. It is the most directly (and physically) symbolic of all his tales – a difficult, often intolerable genre to take – but by some magnetic force in the writing it entirely succeeds.

Yet the force, the queer and memorable quality of MacDonald, is not to be wondered at when you consider the materials of which it was composed: the converging beliefs from Boehme and Novalis on the one hand and from Blake and Wordsworth (nature and innocence) on the other; the warrings of his passionate, angry, deeply sensual temperament; his views on the necessity of evil and the welcoming of *personal* death; his conception of the place of fear in love and spiritual life. 'Nowhere outside the New Testament', Dr C. S. Lewis revealingly writes, 'have I found terror and comfort so intertwined.' From his special attitude to women came his most unforgettable characters; it would be hard to find more outspoken poems than MacDonald's on the ecstasies of heterosexual love in the whole of the 19th century.

In *The Princess and the Goblin* these elements are perfectly fused; taken as a whole it is surely the best of his books. MacDonald himself felt this. But the balance could so easily go astray, as indeed, in *Lilith* and in *The Princess and Curdie*, it did. Mr Lancelyn Green, in his short introduction to the new *Light Princess*, most oddly calls *The Princess*

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* *The Light Princess. Gollancz. 12s. 6d.*

† *The Golden Key*. By ROBERT LEE WOLFF. *Yale U.P. 45s.*

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FABER

and Curdie the greatest work of the three. Dr Wolff's analytic discussion of the double failure, artistic and spiritual, of the Curdie tale is more to be trusted here. For by the time it was written (in 1883) life was defeating its author, and he could no longer convince himself in his books that evil and goodness were one.

Dr Wolff's fine study, it cannot be too emphatically said, is not intended for children, or indeed for any adults who fancy that the great works of genius on the nursery shelf have sprung from a light, shallow garden soil. Nothing is really less suitable for childish reading than the problems besetting Swift and Kingsley and Andersen and Carroll – Barrie, too, if you like – and, of course, MacDonald himself. One would like to have heard something, though, of his relationship with Hughes as an illustrator: was it as stormy as those of Dickens, Carroll and Shaw with their illustrators, before the great results were achieved? And why did the patriarchal MacDonald, with his 11 daughters and sons, make the centre of each of his stories a *single* child? Perhaps Dr Wolff's suggestion is true that he remained in his books throughout a son in search of a father and also, under various strange disguises, a mother. Fantasy, dreams, or the path into Fairyland allowed him extraordinary freedom of thought and experience. In the whole range of invented English fairy tale there is no one to match his gift.

Mayne Land

Summer Visitors and **The Changeling.** By WILLIAM MAYNE. *Oxford.* 12*s.* 6*d.* and 10*s.* 6*d.*

Garry Halliday and the Ray of Death. By JUSTIN BLAKE. *Faber.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Among contemporary authors of children's books, I imagine few would dispute that William Mayne is, purely in literary terms, the best. His elegance and humour, his rich and sturdy vocabulary, his brilliant recording of schoolboys' and teachers' talk, and above all the fantastic detail and accuracy of his physical impressions – the way jam tarts bubble as they come from the oven, or a grouse lumbers into the air 'like a football kicked through a tree' – make his books something quite special: a total recall of the sounds, smells and tastes that are such a huge part of childhood, and acquire Proustian powers as we grow older.

The only thing that worries me is whether these are details that children want to read about, as they are still experiencing them all the time; it is the sensuous nostalgia that delights blunted adults. Children like truth, but they also want stories, and in one of his new books, *Summer Visitors*, Mr Mayne has hardly bothered with a narrative. It is about a group of urban schoolboys who are taken camping by their form-master, about their activities (Red Indians, races, battles with the elements), and how some of them find it hard to adjust to the strangeness of country after town. The result is highly sensitive, true and amusing, but I can't altogether believe a boy would be held by it. *The Changeling*, on the other hand, has got the mixture just right: it is a charmingly romantic, yet practical story of three pawky Yorkshire kids who find a derelict summer-house on an island, put it in order, and by so doing treat an old amnesiac lady to a useful piece of psychotherapy. It is so natural and so touchingly eccentric that it's sad to think it's only likely to be read by children and reviewers.

Diametrically opposite (except that he too is brilliant of his kind) is Justin Blake, who has a new Garry Halliday adventure in print. Mr Blake is all narrative, of an agreeably lurid tinge: Halliday, a sort of inoffensive boy's Bond, is once more up against The Voice, who is trying to sell a deathly heat-concentrating machine to a would-be South American dictator; foiled again, The Voice happily escapes to continue his evil schemings in further volumes. The story is everything a boy could desire – science fiction, death in mid-air, poison gas, vigils in a Parisian café called Le Grain Qui Meurt, and plenty of smart worldly tips – and for extra value is narrated (rather too obtrusively) by Halliday's Dr Watson, the silly-ass co-pilot Bill Dodds, who chunters along in terms of 'No sooner said than jolly well done. Out stepped Sergeant Love from the station sharpish . . .' The excessive ponderousness of this gimmick suggests a certain contempt for his audience's intelligence, but Mr Blake is in other respects right on the beam; and as he is clearly going to be a very lively property, I'd suggest to his publishers that they might invest him in future with a rather more classy type of dust-jacket.

For the younger ones, more read to than reading, CHRISTOPHER SYKES contributes an utterly winning little epic called **Albert and Emerald** (to be published shortly by *Hollis & Carter*), illustrated by himself and originally confected for his son. Albert, a demure young shepherd, saves the nation and wins Princess Emerald's hand by defeating the Emperor Poleum (Boney, no less) after an early reverse. Other confounded rotters include the Prince of the Atlantic Ocean, Crown Prince Filthenstein, the Duke of Buns and Captain Lune à Ticque; and Poleum ends up resignedly tending Albert's sheep. The handwritten text meanders among Bellocish pictures, with bags of good childlike emphasis: 'First there was lots to eat. Sixty roast ducks, pigeon pie, lemon tarts, HUGE CAKES, iced cream, about ten thousand jellies and NO VEGETABLES.' Mr Sykes, too, knows his public.

Also recommended, **Wolf Story** by WILLIAM MCCLEERY (*Gollancz.* 9*s.* 6*d.*), a spirited American fable for the young, amusingly written as a step-by-step improvisation; **The Goalkeeper's Revenge,** and other stories, by BILL NAUGHTON (*Harrap.* 9*s.* 6*d.*), Lancashire O. Henry for juveniles, wildly uneven, sometimes of unashamed Victorian sentimentality, but sometimes fine, as in the story of the borrowed budgerigar who died of joy; and **Ginger Pye** by ELEANOR ESTES (*Bodley Head.* 13*s.* 6*d.*), a New England tale of considerable charm, featuring a brother and sister, their eponymous pup and three-year-old Uncle Bennie.

There are some admirable picture-books too, notably **Otto in Texas** by WILLIAM PÈNE DU BOIS (*Brockhampton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*), the sleuthing exploits of a very engaging giant-sized yellow dog; **Trip in a Balloon** by ALBERT LAMORISSE (*Allen & Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*), the book of an idyllic new film by the director of *Le Ballon Rouge,* again starring his son Pascal, with a *montgolfière* of ravishing beauty; and **Other People's Children** by NAOMI MITCHISON (*Hamlyn.* 7*s.* 6*d.*), a handsome guide to the way the rest of the young world lives, fabulous value for money.

ROGER GELLERT

Little Lady Chatterley

The Secret Garden. By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. *Dent.* 16*s.*

Prince Prigio and Prince Ricardo. By ANDREW LANG. *Dent.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Midshipman Quinn Wins Through. By SHOWELL STYLES. *Faber.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Landslide! By VÉRONIQUE DAY. Translated by Margaret Morgan. *Bodley Head.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Every year (with a gap for the war) since its publication in 1911, *The Secret Garden* has been reprinted, and now reaches its Jubilee edition. What has kept Mrs Burnett going? As a child I had my bit of her with *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, an earlier tale that the years have transformed into a serio-comic pearl: such admiration for crusted aristocracy, genteel poverty, and the divine rightness that will weld the two has rarely achieved lustre in print.

With *The Secret Garden* some of the old superbity has gone; the author of grown-up novels insists more; a fairy-tale sheen hardens round nature and the landed gentry. Mary Lennox is a yellowy, disagreeable orphan of ten brought back from cholera-ravaged climes to a 100-room house inhabited by a recluse who hasn't been able to bear the sight of people since his wife's death ten years before. 'Her' garden, a locked wilderness, is prised open by the new arrival, fresh life brought to the place by a Mary no longer 'contrary', by a lad from the moors who consorts with crow and fox, and by the bed-ridden son of the house who has been all but buried in one of the more distant rooms. In the end spoilt children get unspoilt; radiance is laid on with a trowel (there's a good deal of secret gardening involved); and personally I found the dark lonely part, before the locked gate was opened, more enthralling. Youngsters in a streamlined, more threatened world should try it, and to gather from the book's record certainly will. For parents on the snoop I would offer the theory that here, in the most innocent nursery terms, is the prime situation of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*: great house, the call of England, master in his wheel chair, girl seeking true self, nature's lad, and the slipping in and out of dialect. Surely little David Lawrence must have doted on it.

From be-good the natural transition is to clever. Lang's know-all Prince preserves a sophisticated fun that is never too haughty for the reader of ten or of 50. His jokes about fairies, family arguments, intellectual knockabout keep up with the times as Disney never did; and Prince Prigio has enough of Machiavelli to go on hero-ing it for generations to come.

The boy who hasn't yet discovered Mr Midshipman Quinn has a joy in store. This Nelson's day hero is a bit of a prig too, as no doubt suits one who has set fire in a previous volume to three ships of the French fleet. This time he has to pick up a package from the Spanish coast, and has no high regard for the spy who hands it to him, especially when he turns out to be a girl. They are captured, escape, zigzag like snipe from Bonapartist pursuit, and after split-second adventures make the French coast and at last the Admiralty itself. Mr Styles writes first-class narrative which for edge and pace leaves most writers of grown-up thrillers standing.

Landslide is much the best of the new family adventures. Five children from Paris find themselves, on holiday near the Jura, in a house overtaken by a landslide: adventure is in the dark, and has a true Robinson-Crusoe practicality and dread. The author doesn't mind making her characters starkly informative on geography or morse code when need be. Goats, and I shan't say what others, share their imprisonment.

Others recommendable are: FRANK KNIGHT'S **The Last of Lallow's** (*Macmillan.* 13*s.* 6*d.*), a novel of Civil War (English) in Berkshire, with squire's household divided and 14-year-old daughter left in charge as armies straggle to and fro; **Down in the Cellar** by NICHOLAS STUART GRAY (*Dobson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*), children and crook stuff in vicarage cellar, too many grown-up digs, but drawings by Ardizzone; more children in country house, snowbound and threatened from below stairs, in EILEEN MEYLER'S **Adventure at Hawthorn** (*Epworth Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*); **Beware the Hunter!** by HOWARD JONES (*Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*), novelised Children's Hour spy-thriller, with pipe-smoking hero, key copy of Shakespeare's sonnets, and rendezvous in Wapping; FRED KITCHEN'S **More Adventures at Foxendale Farm** (*Dent.* 12*s.* 6*d.*), wily about hedge-hunting, bridle-paths, trout-tickling, agricultural shows, polecat and fox; family life of the latter in **There Came the Little Foxes** by A. WINDSOR RICHARDS (*Hutchinson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*), beautifully written – a bit too beautifully – and bees-and-flowers lessons from animals mating; lastly NAOMI MITCHISON'S **Karensgaard: the Story of a Danish Farm** (*Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*), family growing up under Occupation, farming with the co-operative look, saga build-up of past – the only book among these to instil social history.

G. W. STONIER

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Mick and the P.105 by Michel-Aimé Baudouy, illustrated by Robert Micklewright. A 'must' for the technically-minded boy, this books tells how four boys discover an old motor-bike, repair it and enter it for a cross-country scramble. 12s 6d

Landslide! by Véronique Day, illustrated by Brian Wildsmith. Five children on holiday in the mountains are trapped inside their cottage by a landslide; it is eight days before they are rescued. 10s 6d

The Children's Song Book contains over seventy songs, carols, games and nursery rhymes for children to sing, and for parents to sing and play to them, collected and arranged by Elizabeth Poston. Susan Einzig's drawings are in a second colour throughout. An ideal Christmas gift book. 30s

Old Mother Hubbard and Her Dog by Paul Galdone. A complete version of this favourite nursery rhyme, with two-colour drawings throughout. 8s 6d

BODLEY HEAD

The Forbidden Bridge by Betty Roland, illustrated by Geraldine Spence. A story with an unusual and interesting background, this book tells of a lonely Australian boy, whose only real friends live on the other side of the 'forbidden' railway bridge. 7s 6d

No Roses for Harry! by Gene Zion and Margaret Bloy Graham. Harry the Dirty Dog is very unhappy about his new rose-covered sweater and sets about losing it at once. Colour illustrations on every page. 10s 6d

Anatole and the Robot by Eve Titus, illustrated in colour by Paul Galdone. Anatole, the French mouse, has a serious problem on his hands when a cheese-tasting robot is appointed to take over his job. 8s 6d

The Tale of the Turnip by Anita Hewett, illustrated in colour by Margery Gill. A charming folk-tale about a turnip that grew so large that it took three people, a cat and a mouse to pull it out of the ground. 9s 6d

Children's Book Show. A Publishers' Association exhibition of over 3,000 books to be held at R.B.A. Galleries, 6 Suffolk Street, S.W.1. from December 5-16. Admission free.

Big Worlds

The Water Babies. By CHARLES KINGSLEY. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

> And in a minute more, when he looked round, he stopped again, and said, 'Why, what a big place the world is!' And so it was; for, from the top of the mountain, he could see – what could he not see?

So Tom, the boy sweep, as the transformations of experience begin; and Kingsley's enticing perspectives have a fresh chance of acceptance (perhaps more than a chance) in the present edition. This curious, outrageous and homely piece of Science Fiction (there is a water world to be explored), made to tantalise and improve his own children and others by the Professor of Modern History at Cambridge a century ago, has been fairly trimmed by Kathleen Lines, delightfully illustrated by Harold Jones and spaciously printed by Gollancz. The drawings offer a clue to the new possibilities. For parents and teachers who recall the usual Victorian furnishings may be tempted to refuse *The Water Babies* a second thought. But children who come to visual terms with it under the spell of this distinctly post-Ardizzone style, an exuberant blend of archaic fantasy and sharp topicality, gay and reverent at once, may go on to give it quite a lot of thought. Better still if they can have the book's acquaintance aurally, too. The prose is very often a keen pleasure to read, darting about its business, refined and inviting in its sensuous detail – the narrative is a model of glee. But the rhythms and the verve are likely to give redoubled pleasure if they can be heard.

The subtlety of Kingley's book has been oddly supported by the change of years. For that subtlety lies in the tacit invitation to feelings of superiority and confidence which it offers to young and insecure children – and offers no less to the cleverer and more sophisticated young of today. They can patronise this fantasy world, and be far above its silliness. And all the while the world is going to become a rather bigger place; and a frail self, growing (like the variety of frail, absurd creature-selves that grow and change and suddenly *emerge* in Kingsley's book) underneath the sophisticated and superior shell, is going to take part in humbling and enlightening journeys. The finest thing about the book, it strikes me now, is the feeling for the mystery of evolution, and the abashment of human knowledge before it. Just as fine is the tact that descries evolving moral perceptions as they emerge out of acknowledged creatureliness and conscious social relations. Of course there are other sorts of morality sitting loose to the surface, that any proper youngster will resent and quarrel with. I suspect Kingsley knew it well enough. He throws down a pretty gauntlet in his rhyme on the title-page. But the real perceptions he wants to awaken make strong undercurrents, and they work the imagination. It's characteristic of a more familiar Kingsley that he should provoke his readers into standing up and fighting; and into proving their manhood by rising very superior to water babies and their taboos and nonsense.

Such superiority makes a profitable mood, but it isn't the only mood. There is pleasure, too, in feeling strange and small and far away; and in following heroic figures and inhabiting unfamiliar universes. The wrong thing to do, I think, is to reduce the scale, remove the detail, and make the young reader feel at home – just when both the old story and his young mood are ready to meet elsewhere. Of three re-told sagas to hand, IAN SERRAILLIER's Perseus (**The Gorgon's Head.** *Oxford.* 9*s.* 6*d.*), winningly illustrated by William Stobbs, but an expensive buy, does least diluting in its brief space. But ROSEMARY SUTCLIFF – surprisingly, when you think of her own distinguished work in historical narrative for the young – has thinned Beowulf most meanly (**Beowulf.** *Bodley Head.* 10*s.* 6*d.*). ALLEN FRENCH shows initiative in tackling Icelandic saga, but he too has devitalised his original (**Grettir the Strong.** *Bodley Head.* 13*s.* 6*d.*). There is a splendour and a ritual proper for their larger and stranger world; children enjoy it and need it. These books have made that world too small.

That leaves room only for a brief, but very strong, recommendation for J. E. B. GRAY'S **Indian Tales and Legends** (*Oxford.* 15*s.*, and splendidly illustrated). This seems to me a model of how to do it, with the fine manners and skilful rhetoric of the originals duly suggested in translation and adaptation. The Indian Dr ROMILA THAPAR makes all the wrong concessions in her **Indian Tales** (*Bell.* 12*s.* 6*d.*) – the detail and elevation reduced to comfortable small-scale simplicities. *Oxford's Myths and Legends* series is further enriched by a volume of **Chinese Myths and Fantasies** (15*s.*), and the same firm's *Illustrated Classics* by a **Tales from the Arabian Nights** (15*s.*). Bigger books for younger children, both admirably presented to push out the small horizons, are *Paul Hamlyn's* **Fairy Tale Tree** (25*s.*) and *Faber's* **Storybook** (25s.). May they be read aloud.

DOUGLAS BROWN

JAMES REEVES
RAGGED ROBIN
A superb collection of poems with beautiful colour illustrations. "... **should be a top favourite book. Jane Paton's illustrations bring magic to every page."** — *Noel Streatfeild*
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NUMBER 12
Edited by ALAN DELGADO. Sponsored by the British Horse Society. "A wonderful book, splendid value for money ..." — *Scottish Field.* Illustrated. 9" x 6¼". 15/-

HEINEMANN

General Jodpur's Conversion

The General. By JANET CHARTERS. Illustrated by Michael Foreman. *Routledge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A Wish for Little Sister. By JACQUELINE AYER. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Joba and the Wild Boar. By GABY BALDNER. Pictures by Gerhard Oberländer. *Constable.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Out from among the smiling horses and cats and suns, the prancing dragons and the sugar-cookie children, the General seems to rise of his own accord, his huge, richly-plumed red uniform starred and crossed and circled with innumerable medals. In this first book, Janet Charters and Michael Foreman – a young couple new to the roster of venerable old hands – have brought off something profound, flamboyant and original. Essentially and satisfyingly a children's book, *The General* is simply told, with an eye for the small, specific detail and a luminous awareness of the world of smells and colours and recurring rhythms. It is also – in these days when more and more poisons are fisting themselves in the upper atmosphere – a uniquely meaningful book for parents: a sort of Age of Anxiety wish-fulfilment.

General Jodpur wants to be the most famous general in the world. His soldiers endlessly drill, polish and practise. But one day the General is thrown by his runaway horse and has to walk back to camp. He begins to listen and look; he comes to a field of flowers and sits down. A change of career follows a change of heart, and General Jodpur becomes the most famous general for principles very different from his original ones.

The layout of *The General* is large and bold, and the illustrations – in hot reds, sky blues and a vibrant shade of plum – oddly moving and amusing. Michael Foreman uses mosaic effects to fine advantage for his armies, flower banks and countrysides and in one admirable scene where the General, red and round as a Christmas ornament, meditates in his flower field in winter under a violet sky crammed with snow crystals.

What happens to book design after the picture-book age, anyway? Illustrations dwindle to drab, scratchy blacks-and-whites for the early teens. And after suffering the muddily lurid covers of many adult paperbacks and the dull, informational jackets of most hardbacks, I regress with joy to the delicately-drawn world of Jacqueline Ayer's Siam in *A Wish for Little Sister* (also the setting for her first book, *Nu Dang and his Kite*). A mynah bird grants Little Sister one birthday wish, and all day she tries on the exotic and fanciful wishes of her friends and relatives until she finds a wish of her own. These fragile drawings of people at work, at play, in repose or floating in Little Sister's imagination – ochre-patterned, with touches of fuchsia, aqua, lavender and green, call to mind the dreamy brilliance of an Eastern brocade.

From another part of the world altogether comes *Joba and the Wild Boar* (English and German texts side by side) about a little girl who is carried off by a wild boar she has brought up as a pet. The night pieces are a beautiful, thunderous blue, bristling with Black Forest murk and studded with the lantern-eyes of crows and owls—a handsome

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contrast to the yellow and pumpkin-orange day scenes.

The theme of children (or animals) lost, stolen or strayed is a favourite one and also underlies the circus adventures of Madeline and her friend Pepito in LUDWIG BEMELMANS' **Madeline and the Gypsies** (*Deutsch.* 15*s.*). The sumptuous illustrations in this addition to the Madeline series have a curiously baroque air – all red plush and fanfare: Madeline's escapades take place against such elegant backdrops as Notre-Dame, Chartres, Mont St Michel and Deauville. **Charlie on the Run** (*Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*) is another escapee from routine – a fat, white farm horse sold to a scrap dealer when his farmer buys a tractor. Gerald Rose's sprightly drawings and meadowy, yellow-green colour-spreads illustrate this story by ELIZABETH ROSE. Two kittens are stolen in **The Cat Thief** (*Abelard-Schuman.* 12*s.* 6*d.*), by JOAN CASS, causing William Stobbs's magnificent cats – blue, black, tortoise-shell, Siamese, tangerine and tiger – to surge to the rescue. **A for the Ark,** by ROGER DUVOISIN, both an alphabet and an animal book, includes such *recherché* creatures as the Izard, the Jacana and the Zebu in the more familiar congregation Noah called on board before the rains fell. (*Bodley Head.* 10*s.* 6*d.*) FRANÇOISE also has a catalogue, a simpler one for very little children, in **The Things I Like** (*Brockhampton Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*) – a soft, pastel world full of Easter-egg boys and girls and animals.

This is Venice (*W. H. Allen.* 15*s.*), another in the M. SASEK series, is a big, splendid book, combining lively vignettes, waterscapes and palazzo façades with delicacy, wit and historical fact – a grand gift book, as are the rest in this series. Selected and arranged by the composer ELIZABETH POSTON, **The Children's Song Book** (*Bodley Head.* 30*s.*), offers some six dozen winning songs ranging from 'Oranges and Lemons', 'Once in Royal David's City', and 'Greensleeves' to a finale of songs from foreign countries, and is embellished with lyrical French-blue drawings by Susan Einzig.

SYLVIA PLATH

Bags of Balloons

The Borrowers Aloft. By MARY NORTON. *Dent.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Hobbit. By J. R. R. TOLKIEN. *Puffin.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Genie in the Marmite Pot. By MURIEL HOOPER. *Faber.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

For Mr Graham Greene when young – *The Viper of Milan*; for me, in my smaller figure, the work of E. Nesbit. The pleasure I take now in reading Science Fiction is because in the best SF, as in *her* work, astounding matters occur within a framework of seriousness and common sense. I grew up in the Thirties. E. Nesbit's Edwardian children moved in a world which did not much resemble mine, but I never demanded that it should. Educators tell us we should 'relate children's fiction to the modern world', but children delight in E. Nesbit's books even today. In much the same way they also delight, I am sure, in the world of Mary Norton's Borrowers, where fizzy drinks come in bottles stoppered by marbles, and motorists wear dust coats and goggles, and the *Illustrated London News* is full of information about balloons.

The Borrowers, you'll remember, are tiny people who exist by borrowing from humans what humans don't know is being borrowed. Thimbles, a handkerchief, a hairpin, a button, a *boutonnière* – somehow a Borrower will find a use for it. Borrowers live in tucked-away places. They need humans for their borrowing, but once seen, a Borrower is no longer safe and must move on. No wonder they're dying out. Mary Norton's Borrowers are a family of three, Pod and Homily and their daughter, Arietty; a young lone-wolf Borrower, Spiller, gives occasional help. They have been harried from their home to living in a badger's set, to living with their relations, Hendreary and Lupy, among the lath and plaster between floors, to camping out in a tea-pot in which they floated downstream to a model village, built by Mr Pott, who (an echo here of Forster) lost his leg in rescuing a badger from the railway line. In *The Borrowers Aloft* they are stolen from the model village, to be exploited for commercial purposes by Mr and Mrs Platter (undertakers and builders – they specialise in houses for older folk). They escape, like Gambetta, by balloon (though I wish they hadn't filled it from the gas-fire, for surely that's heavier than air?) and at the end must move again, though Arietty, who has made friends, as usual, with a human, wants to stay. 'They love us,' she says, and Pod replies:

> Maybe. Like they do their pets . . . Like your cousin Eggletina had that baby mouse, bringing it up by hand, teaching it tricks and such, and rubbing its coat up with velvet. But it ran away in the end, back to the other mice. And your uncle Hendreary's second boy once had a cockroach. Fat as butter it grew, in a cage he made out of a tea-strainer. But your mother never thought it was happy. Never a hungry moment that cockroach had, but the strainer was still a cage.

It is the same note of true seriousness. Children will be reading about the Borrowers in 50 years time, as they read about the Psammead today.

Tolkien's Hobbit is in another tradition. *The Hobbit* was first published in 1937, and may now be seen as a prologue to *The Lord of the Rings,* but books like this don't date because the intention is epic, and the invention so profuse that there's enough running out of these 283 pages to last the Lone Ranger for ten years. The hobbit, Bilbo Baggins, sets out with 13 dwarfs to steal a dragon's treasure under the mountain. Trolls and goblins, wolves and giant spiders beset them; a magician helps them; so do eagles and a thrush; the hobbit finds a ring of power, and rescues his friends by floating them down the river in barrels – there's too much to summarise, but if there were a film only Chaplin could play it.

One of E. Nesbit's most frequent themes is the *inconvenience* of magic, partly because one tends to use it without forethinking the consequences (c.f. 'Wings' in *Five Children and It*) and partly because human beings won't tolerate deviations from the norm. You'll find this pops up again in Muriel Hooper's *The Genie in the Marmite Pot.* None of Jane's wishes bring her anything but trouble, and in the end she gets rid of the genie by shutting him in his pot and sending him up in a meteorological balloon – a rather beastly way to treat a genie that did its best and meant nothing but good.

An echo of 'Wings' again in **Woorroo** by JOYCE GARD (*Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*), but a poorish echo, since the grown-ups take wings for granted in ten-year-old Mark, and the book contains my least favourite fictional type, the helpful little girl who's going to be a ballerina when she grows up. There's a

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much more difficult problem of adjustment for the parents and friends of **The Boy Who Sprouted Antlers** (by JOHN YEOMAN. *Faber. 8s. 6d.*). He did it for a dare, and has to be sent to the vet: 'the boy is quite healthy; his coat is in good condition, and his nose is cold.' Then there's **Lucy** by CATHERINE STORR (*Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.*) who wanted to be a boy, but *that*, as we know, only leads to trouble in later life. Lucy's rather a casebook little girl altogether.

Lastly **The Young Writer** (by GEOFFREY TREASE. *Nelson 7s. 6d.*): a 'practical' book in what I take to be a 'Careers' series. One's first reaction to it is to say, 'You can't be serious!' But in fact it *is* serious, and good-humoured, and commonsensical – it is aimed at Sixth Formers, and begins by warning them not to imagine they can make a career out of writing, because they'll need another job as well. Its advice about contracts, agents, publishers, editors, media, manuscript and the Authors Society is all good as far as I can tell, except for the bit about the use of telecine in television plays. Telecine should be used positively, never just to establish a scene.

JOHN BOWEN

Nose to Tail

Little Red Nose. By MIRIAM SCHLEIN. Illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. *Abelard-Schuman. 12s. 6d.*

Ragged Robin. By JAMES REEVES. Illustrated by Jane Paton. *Heinemann. 12s. 6d.*

A Fly Went By. By MIKE MCCLINTOCK. Illustrated by Fritz Siebel. *Collins and Harvill. 8s. 6d.*

'My nose is my nose', says the little boy; 'a nose knows plenty', says his father. Miss Schlein, we are told, has 'majored in psychology'. The coming of spring is the subject of her gaily proboscidean book for 5-8's; and little birds – both those that have wings and those that feel they have – bedeck its pages. Miss Schlein writes in 'almost, but not quite, verse'.

Admirers of James Reeves will not be surprised to find true poetry in his new collection for children. He once compared himself to a thoughtful cow – 'we ruminants absorb old things with new'; and in this lies his strength. From Avalon to Zachary Zed there is feigning but no falseness; and the illustrations are so much in sympathy that they are as leaves from the same tree.

The verse in Mike McClintock's book is more basic; for early reading its vocabulary is limited to 177 words. Fly, frog, cat, dog, pig, sow, fox – each thinks itself chased by one who is in fact fleeing from another. The prime mover? A sheep with its feet in a bucket whose bump-thump has terrorised a man. Here is an excellent first lesson in anti-nuclear politics.

Two other books which provide good stories and simple reading are **We're Having a Party Tonight** and **First Night Away from Home** (each by MYRA BERRY BROWN. *Heinemann. 9s. 6d.*). Like them, **Karline's Duck** (by TILDE MICHELS. *Oxford. 9s. 6d.*) has far more illustration than text, but in this case the line-drawings are most distinguished, a Teutonic blend of Searle and Steinberg. **A Tail is a Tail** (by KATHERINE MACE. *Abelard-Schuman. 12s. 6d.*) will disappoint the philosophers and delight the psychologists among the 3-6's. The verse is excruciating, the pictures charmingly caudal.

TIMOTHY ROGERS

Thoughts About Pi

The Giant Colour Book of Mathematics. By IRVING ADLER. *Paul Hamlyn. 12s. 6d.*

The Atom. By EGON LARSEN. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson. 9s. 6d.*

Stand on a plank floor. Take a thin stick which is exactly as long as the planks are wide. Drop it, and see if it falls on a crack. Keep on doing this and count the times it crosses a crack. When you've had a few hundred shots, sit down and do a simple sum. Double the number of times you dropped the stick, and then divide by the times it fell on a crack. Your answer will be in the region of 3.14159265358979323 84 . . . or an approximate value of pi.

Here is a dramatic and illuminating way to stir initial thoughts about pi and the mathematical properties of the circle. An ideal first lesson in school – something to rouse mathematical delight in even the sleepiest corners, and to bring numbers close to life. And yet this was utterly new to me until I reached page 26 of *Mathematics*. Many things here were fresh to me; and yet, in a sense, I'd 'learned' them all at school. Pi, for instance: I knew all about that. I've got a drawer full of parchment certificates somewhere, and the Mathematics one has 'Distinction' stamped on it. In other words I was quick at sums and formulae, I knew when to slot pi in, and when to take it out. I got the right answers. And yet I had little understanding of what I was doing (except working for a certificate), no awakened curiosity about the transactions I could so faultlessly handle. Looking through this book I tumbled again and again on comments which illuminated inert mathematical data frozen in my memory, and I became very excited.

Take Fibonacci numbers (1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, 55, 89, 144 . . .). I'd 'learned' about those somewhere. But pick any three successive ones. Square the middle one, multiply the other two: the result will always differ by one. I hadn't learned that. I tried it out all along the row, and it works. Why? And why does the spacing of a plant's leaves follow these ratios, and why are the very knuckles of my hand as I write placed according to them? . . . The blood races, and turning page after page I had the old elusive thrill that close ahead would come some sudden clarifying concept to make simple number 'sense' of the universe.

Of course it didn't, but I was in the chase for the first time. The hunt went over very old ground. Page 36 announced that there are exactly five regular solids. Are there indeed? I spent a rewarding time challenging this, attempting to sketch or invent the sixth. But my 'nonahedrons' and 36-sided fantasies all failed the test, and I ended up with octahedrons and icosahedrons like everyone else. I read later that men have been perplexed by this for over 2,000 years, but I left school without ever having sniffed the excitement. This is a fine book for the secondary school child, good pictures – and not very dear.

I think even more highly of *The Atom* (11-16-year-olds). It sets out the whole intellectual adventure clearly and movingly, from that decisive moment when the Curies opened their laboratory door and saw the faint blue light glowing out of darkness. In their tiny test-tube lay the first grains of radium, the Shining Element. More than this, scientific advance is placed in a political setting – Einstein writes to Roosevelt; commandos

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METHUEN

blow up Germany's last load of heavy water at the Lake Tinsjoe ferry; Hiroshima, and then the need to try out 'Fat Boy' on Nagasaki too. The social pressures, and the moral dilemmas, are faced squarely: it is a children's book of real distinction.

BRIAN JACKSON

Said Coleridge

Ships and Seamen. By CHRISTOPHER LLOYD. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 50*s*.

A History of England. By JOHN THORN, ROGER LOCKYER and DAVID SMITH. *Benn.* 25*s*.

Xenophon's Adventure. By GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD. *Bodley Head.* 13*s*. 6*d*.

These are neither entertainments nor textbooks. They belong in between, to the no-man's-land between work and play where, we hope, the child will read and learn for himself. This calls for considerable skill in the writer, who must grasp not just what but *how* the child understands. 'Yes', said Coleridge, 'the child does understand each part, A, and B, and C, but not ABC = X'. For the writer this means being able to evoke the world the child sees: vivid, concrete, absolutely present. It also means being able to engage and refine the child's primitive sense of relationships. The writer has to put magic in touch with logic.

Christopher Lloyd deserves great credit for his success in doing just this in his sumptuous and exciting *Ships and Seamen*, a pictorial history of the sea from the Vikings to the Polaris submarine. A notable naval scholar, he has ransacked the nautical libraries of the world for his pictures, charts and diagrams. The text, a series of footnotes and subdued glosses, performs its subordinate explanatory function unfussily without smudging the larger pictorial design. By the end of this fine volume the child will have his appetite for the dramatic more than satisfied; he will also have begun to appreciate how A, B, C, points on to X. Something of the same effect – though it might be more muted and modest – would follow for the intelligent child with a taste for the past lucky enough to be given *A History of England*. It was a courageous idea on the part of its three schoolmaster authors to compose a sustained and lively narrative of English history which sensibly tried to take modern scholarship into account and which would be a contemporary equivalent of, say, J. R. Green's *History*. Perhaps it is stronger on logic than magic, on explanation than evocation, but since it aims with considerable success at being a whole reference library in one volume, this was probably inevitable. *Xenophon's Adventure* has more to do with energy and gumption than with magic and logic. It is a version of the *Anabasis* in a brisk, staff-officer's style. Cyrus is 'charming and quite fearless', Clearchus 'showed up magnificently in an emergency', things are 'under control' a regiment is 'picked', the Greeks 'meant business'. The manner of course, is by no means wholly unsuitable and brings a kind of British common sense into sufferings of the march. An athletic boy who had reluctantly started Greek might be saved – if that is the word – for the classics by these recognisable regimental virtues.

Finally **The Army** (by E. W. GLADSTONE. *Basil Blackwell.* 8*s*. 6*d*.) and **Hittite Warrior** (by JOANNE WILLIAMSON. *Gollancz.* 12*s*. 6*d*.). Mr Gladstone's book is a history of the common soldier, so there are no maps, battle plans or grand strategy. There isn't much about VC's either. But he succeeds in giving a fresh and convincing sense of the way in which the ordinary soldier felt, waiting and humping along and messing about, at many different times and battles. Joanne Williamson's story of Uriah, a Hittite youth of the 12th century BC, is based on a suggestion in the Book of Judges. It is packed with tumult and disaster, unclouded by unction and generality.

WILLIAM WALSH

A Few Sweet Words

The Cat in the Hat Comes Back. By DR SEUSS. *Collins and Harvill.* 8*s*. 6*d*.

Barnaby and the Horses. By LYDIA PENDER. *Abelard-Schuman.* 12*s*. 6*d*.

Timba. By LILLI KOENIG. Translated by Renata Symonds. *Macdonald.* 10*s*. 6*d*.

Gringolo. By LILLI KOENIG. *Macdonald.* 10*s*. 6*d*.

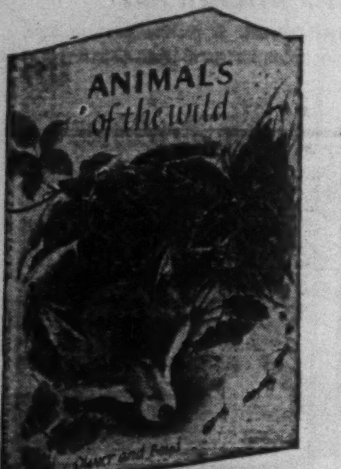
The Cricket in Times Square. By GEORGE SELDEN. *Dent.* 12*s*. 6*d*.

In England, the book-writing for children just beginning to read has a set manner: it is the manner of a dear, sweet lady telling the vicar's six-months-old baby all about the doings of her little pussy cat. The six-months-old can't understand, but he's smiling, and the vicar is listening. Even in rebellious adult writers, you can usually see that this is where they learned their words. So you will be doing your child a good turn if you buy *The Cat in the Hat Comes Back*, with text and drawings by the American Dr Seuss. It is one of those books written under the vile American kind of assumption that the smaller the vocabulary (220 words here) the better it will be for the child reader. However, the mad high spirits redeem that, and for three and four and five-years-olds this sort of confident full-tilt fantasy is genuine education.

For the same audience, *Barnaby and the Horses*, illustrated by Alie Evers, who is Dutch, and written by the Australian Lydia Pender, is gentler, more moody, more realistic. The boy Barnaby loses the three farm horses, sets off to find them, is detained by a rowboat, finds the horses. Without being self-indulgent in the slightest, it's an idyllic dream: a very simple but quite strange prose poem, and really enchanted pictures.

To judge from children's books and front parlour windows, the totem animal of the English is not a lion but a dog, and not a bulldog but an Alsatian – noble, kind, long-suffering, dumb, Saxon. However, the strain's bred out over here, as the hollow-pot window dogs and any of half a dozen recent Alsatian stories for children prove. The real thing comes from where it belongs, Germany. In *Timba*, written and charmingly illustrated by Lilli Koenig, the story is very ordinary: a little girl acquires an Alsatian, loses it, finds it, has troubles with it, has it trained and so on, but the substance of the story is far from ordinary. Lilli Koenig runs a famous biology station in Vienna, so it's not surprising that instead of the usual dog-lover's sentimentality, she presents knowledge, experience, and a great deal of the right and rare kind of sympathy. The story is also full of charm and the seasoned quality of general good sense which is even more important in books for children than in books for adults: children are attracted and held by a story, but it is the temper of the author's mind that really goes into them and changes them.

Another American book is *The Cricket in Times Square* by George Selden. This was selected by the Newbury Award judges as one of the best four children's books published in America in 1960. A cricket from a field in Connecticut finds himself in the underground station beneath Times Square in New York. He is befriended by a poor Italian boy whose mother and father keep the news stand in the station. Later he is befriended



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by a mouse and a cat. After various disasters, the cricket discovers he is a musical genius, which sets everything right, almost. A sad happy end. Here is a fantastic situation, yet it works with real characters, and there is the real New York in the offing.

TED HUGHES

Joicks

Young Netball Player. By JACYNTH HOPE-SIMPSON. *Constable.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Reindeer Girl. By MARGARET RUTHIN. *Dobson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

'Girls! Girls everywhere! Girls in the passages, girls in the hall, racing upstairs and scurrying downstairs . . . everywhere, girls!' Serious readers will have spotted the quotation (*The School by the Sea*, with Miss Brazil at the height of her powers) and by 'everywhere' she meant, of course, within school bounds, apart from the mere handful shinning up the spire or gamely trudgeoning through the mill-race. It is, lucky us, still girls everywhere, though now they venture further afield and even start careers, in those splendid books that manage to remain cosily inviting while pulling no punches.

> Good work, Jennifer. Now, into the steriliser with your dissecting scalpel, pick up all these odds and ends, and then run and prepare Canon Bulmer for his colonic. Excited?

In *Young Netball Player*, flooded hockey grounds cause Mrs Symonds to concentrate on invigorating netball and Liz shoots seven goals ('Just a knack', said Liz, grinning). A natural games player is Amanda Jackson from Jamaica ('quite the laziest girl we have ever had in the school') who complains of the cold, plays in enormous brown fur gloves, and goes on outings ('I'm taking Manda along to the launderette'). Comes the netball tournament, when all depends on rattling Manda into activity. In the opening game against the Ladies' Netball Club, supercilious onlookers satisfactorily enrage the dusky player.

> Manda clearly was not amused. Her large eyes were rolling. Her hair, which after a great deal of trouble, she had nearly made straight, had burst out of its ribbon and was crackling.

Astute little Caroline wonders what she can say to get the coloured girl's goat really up. Ah, happy thought!

> 'Manda, these people are segregationalists. They support *apartheid*. They believe that whites are better than blacks. The West Indies depends on *you*.'
>
> Manda hissed, and the breath came out of her nostrils as clouds of hot steam in the cold winter air.

One would hardly have cared to be selected for the Ladies, and Manda's gyrations also make mincemeat of the Youth Club (black jeans, a broderie anglaise blouse, and an imitation-suede jerkin). And so to the Final, against snooty Halford House (gold, maroon and olive green) and another triumph, with Manda 'zigzagging like an electric current'. As for June – 'her knees were dripping with blood and her shirt had come out of her shorts'. The sporting limelight has the worst effect on Manda. She is sent to Miss Lloyd for talking during prayers, and makes a speedy return visit for using insulting language during a history lesson about Nelson. She seems only really happy at a sewing-machine. *Too* revealing, my dear.

There is something engaging (Santa, and all that) about reindeer but fully to enjoy *Reindeer Girl* you've got to have quite a thing about antlered beasts. Little Elli had known no home but a Lapp tent and no companions but Grandmother Kirsti (nut-brown, and with Starkadder blood in her), Grandfather Jussa, Brother Johan, and approximately three hundred reindeer. The Lapp *cuisine* is limited (reindeer sausages, bread, fried reindeer, dried reindeer, more bread, grilled reindeer, birch tea and snow) but there is abundant bird life, with the snow ptarmigan (G-bek . . . g-bek . . . g-bek), golden plover (Peep . . . peep . . . peep), black-cock (Soohee . . . soohee . . . soohee) and an occasional Siberian tit. You'll want to know how to call reindeer (Aw . . . aw . . . aw) and what *they* live on (Reindeer moss).

Elli turns out to be an heiress and attempts are made to helicopter her to Helsingfors, but she is happier in her *peske*, riding on her *pulka* and stuffing sweet-scented senna grass into her *skaller*. Even Elli's birthmark comes in a stag antler shape. Grandmother Kirsti, however, has some idea of fresh fields and puts it into extempore local song.

> She started to *joick*. It was long since she had *joicked* . . . She *joicked* a last verse.
>
> Herd must vanish, Elli too,
> Nun-nun-nuu, nun-nun-nuu,
> In Russki land we'll start anew,
> Nun-nun-nuu, nun-nun-nuu.

Now, now, now!

Also recommended are **Bluegate Girl** by MABEL ESTHER ALLAN (*Hutchinson.* 11*s.* 6*d.*, and ideal for a school-leaving art lover) and dear, indefatigable PAT SMYTHE'S **Three Jays Lend a Hand** (*Cassell.* 11*s.* 6*d.*). **Nancy, Young Canadian,** by PHILLIS GARRARD (*Blackie.* 12*s.* 6*d.*) is spirited, and KATHLEEN MACKENZIE provides bustling French adventures in **The Cave in the Cliff** (*Evans.* 12*s.* 6*d.*).

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Fine Flower

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

There has long been a need to supplement and bring up to date Edward Pease's somewhat dry and guarded *History of the Fabian Society*, first published in 1916. Mrs Margaret Cole was an obvious person to undertake the task. Her *Story of Fabian Socialism** is a notable achievement – vivacious, packed with information, and leading one painlessly through the various ideological disputes which the Society inevitably encountered. She writes as a participant rather than an onlooker, and has known personally, often intimately, most of the leading figures concerned. She and her husband, the late G. D. H. Cole, bridged the two phases of Fabianism – from the original audacious take-over bid to participation in the management of the resultant Welfare State.

Her difficulty has obviously been an excess of material. Her own memories and her own and her husband's writings, a multitude of relevant memoirs, biographies and autobiographies, Mrs Webb's superb Diaries covering almost the whole period, the Society's records and enormous output, and the contribution of individual Fabians like Shaw and the Webbs whose pens were never still – the documentation is overwhelming, and to contain as much as she has in a single volume was a remarkable feat of compression. There are the Fabians themselves, a bizarre and fascinating company, and there is the Society, which set itself certain defined aims, and to a quite extraordinary degree achieved them. Mrs Cole's subject required her to concentrate on the Society, but she would be less than human if she had not at times allowed herself to be deflected into a consideration of the curious assortment of characters who founded and directed it. All the elements for an excellent musical comedy are present in this earnest tale of righteous endeavour. Perhaps one day we shall have it – 'My Fair Gentleman', with Shaw in the title role, and with Hubert Bland and Wells as the two wicked seducer-uncles, Mrs Besant as the *femme fatale*, and the Webbs riding on to the stage on a bicycle made for two.

I was brought up to regard the Fabians with awe. This was before they had much ostensible worldly importance; before they all became peers and professors and Privy Councillors. When one or other of them came to lecture in Croydon, a visit to our little suburban house would usually be included. These were golden days for my father. To him the Fabians were the fine flower of mankind, and he treasured every remark they made, every little idiosyncrasy of behaviour, as Sir Walter Scott did the wine-glass out of which George IV had drunk. Even though they might be inclined to condescend (when I married her niece, Mrs Webb wrote of my father, in a letter to her sister, that he was 'a very worthy person, though of modest means'), in his eyes they could do no wrong. This was not just because he agreed with them, and was wholly in favour of what they were trying to bring about. He venerated them as people, for their learning and intelligence, for their mental self-assurance, and even, with an oblique kind of snobbishness, for their seeming aloofness from the plodding self-education and tedious wage-earning in which he was perforce engaged. His hope for me, alas disappointed, was that I might one day be like them.

This adulatory attitude, inculcated in childhood, did not survive a closer acquaintance with the Fabians and their works. I thought I detected in them faults of arrogance and complacency, and even a certain inherent absurdity in their whole attitude of mind and behaviour. They did not conform at all to my romantic notions of what revolutionaries were like. Those talks at Passfield Corner, with Mrs Webb standing and warming herself in front of the fire, and Sidney perched on a chair with his little legs not quite touching the ground, and the dog Sandy cavorting on the hearthrug! They were so sure about everything; so confident that they knew exactly what was required to set everything and everyone to rights. When the Webbs went to visit Trotsky, exiled on the island of Prinkipo, Mrs Webb was fond of relating, Trotsky had remarked that a bloody revolution might well be necessary even in England. 'We told him, "No!"', she had retorted. They had a way of thus pronouncing yea or nay with oracular finality.

The Coles, of course, as Mrs Cole relates with gusto, started off very much in opposition to the Webbs and the Fabian Old Gang. Her first encounter with Mrs Webb was far from being mutually satisfactory. Mrs Webb, as a matter of fact, had an instinctive antipathy to other females who achieved intellectual or political distinction. This was for males, and females (apart from herself) should confine themselves to participating in the reflected glory of masculine brilliance. 'If you could have been the beloved of the dozen ablest men you have known', she wrote in her Diary, significantly after finishing one of Wells's novels, 'it would have greatly extended your knowledge of human nature and of human affairs.' I suppose, when you come to think about it, it would. Other women have had the same idea, but expressed it rather differently. Mrs Webb, in any case, felt that the 'perturbation caused by such intimacies' would have deprived her of the possibility of benefiting from them in terms of increased knowledge. She may well have been right.

Even so, looking back, Mrs Cole is rightly disposed to dwell upon the great gifts and achievements of the Fabians. As she said to me once, long ago, of Mrs Webb: 'We shall never look upon her like again.' Nor shall we. I really liked her very much, particularly the malicious, gossipy side of her. She would tell one the most outrageous things, with great glee, about Ramsay MacDonald and other eminent associates. The unpublished portions of her diary are, I am sure, full of such treasures, one day to be enjoyed.

On the occasion of the interment of the Webbs in Westminster Abbey, the then Prime Minister, Mr Attlee, remarked that everything the Fabians had striven and worked for had come to pass. It was, one is entitled to think, a curious observation. The world was in a condition of confusion and prostration unknown for centuries – infested with displaced persons, heaped with rubble, and, as a result of the discovery of atomic fission, confronted, for the first time in its history, with the possibility of its own extinction. Clearly, it was not these sombre circumstances that Mr Attlee had in mind as having been worked and striven for by the Fabians. He meant himself and the social legislation his Government had introduced. Yet the one could scarcely be admired without reference to the other. It is the disparity between the Fabian achievement and the world setting in which it came to pass that has tended to detract from its impressiveness in contemporary eyes. Admiration for a tasteful window-box display is diminished if the building incorporating it happens to be on fire.

The Fabians were necessarily creatures of their time, and took for granted the existing power systems, particularly the British Empire. This was why some of them, as Mrs Cole recalls, were able to support the Boer War. 'The world,' Shaw insisted, 'is to the big and powerful by necessity; and the little ones must come within their borders or be crushed out of existence.' It was a decidedly totalitarian view, but he at least was perfectly consistent in holding it. He warmly approved of Mussolini and Hitler, and particularly Stalin, whom he considered to be one of nature's Fabians, and a perfect exponent of the inevitability of gradualness. The Webbs, too, when they were in the Far East, found the efficient Japanese greatly to their taste, and despised the disorderly Chinese. Likewise, having abominated the Soviet regime in its early revolutionary phase, they, as they put it, fell in love with its Stalinist version because it was strong, narrowly dogmatic and bureaucratic. Even the terrorism was not wholly displeasing.

I remember Mrs Webb saying once that in Russia people *disappeared* – and she accentuated the word in a way which gave me the feeling that, if disappearing were the order of the day over here, she could put up a candidate or two. How the Webbs stand in the USSR now, in the light of the present attitude to Stalin's rule, it is difficult to say. Krushchev can scarcely expect us to follow his example, and have them removed from the Abbey as he has had their hero, Stalin, removed from his mausoleum in the Red Square.

This unquestioned acceptance of the validity of power was, it seems to me, the

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* *Heinemann.* 30*s.*

Founding Fabians' basic fallacy. On the one hand, they supposed that Britannia would obligingly continue to rule the waves while they quietly and methodically set about adjusting arrangements at home to their satisfaction. On the other, they were ready to accept the pretensions of any power-maniac who purported to share their aims. As Anne Freemantle writes in *This Little Band of Prophets*†, for the Fabians power 'was as beneficial as electricity.' The only thing that mattered was to get a hand on the switch. The possibility of a power cut or short-circuit never seemed to occur to them; still less that the current, instead of bathing mankind in a glow of carefully adjusted benevolence, might burn the very earth to a cinder.

Miss Freemantle's volume, an American paperback, provides a useful addition to Mrs Cole's. It is inclined to be meandering and naive, but nonetheless can be dredged for valuable material conscientiously assembled. In the case of the famous Wells row, for instance, Miss Freemantle provides details about its amorous aspects which are lacking in *The Story of Fabian Socialism*. Also, the character of Bland, the Frank Harris of the outfit, emerges with greater clarity than at Mrs Cole's hands. To me, he has always seemed an inexhaustibly fascinating figure who really deserves a whole biography on his own – as he put it himself, 'a student, an expert in illicit love,' and as Sir Robert Ensor somewhat priggishly put it, 'a scamp clothed in a frock coat, striped trousers and monocle who preyed on his wife while having relations with other women.' Through it all he remained a sedate pillar of the Society.

It is sometimes assumed that the Fabians ended with Shaw and the Webbs, as they began with them. This, as Mrs Cole shows, is far from being the case. Largely due to the efforts of the Coles, the Society was re-activated, and is now a flourishing concern, with invaluable Colonial and International Bureaux, as well as its normal activities of organising summer schools, bringing out pamphlets, and permeating whatever and whoever, friend or foe, seems worthy of permeation. A volume of New Fabian Essays, edited by R. H. S. Crossman, if it could not be expected to have the impact of the original one, still aroused much interest and discussion.

How history will judge the Fabians is difficult now to decide. Will they seem to posterity to represent a spirited but forlorn effort to repair a way of life which was anyway doomed to extinction? Or pioneers who truly found an answer to the problem of resolving and humanising 20th-century social and economic conflicts? Was it a blueprint they devised or a petition in bankruptcy? Were they the first elite in a new series or the last in an old one? In any case, they will surely never be forgotten, both because of what they were and of what they achieved. At the very least they will provide a future Gibbon with some diverting pages, in the composition of which Mrs Cole and Miss Freemantle will be of great assistance.

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† *Mentor Books*. 6s.

Gay Colonies

Empire. By Richard Koebner. *Cambridge*. 45*s*.

The late Professor Koebner, who held the Chair of Modern History at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, was a quiet and dedicated scholar in the best European tradition. He devoted a large part of his academic life to a study of the changing conceptions of empire from Roman times down to the present day. He loved to track down the most erudite references and to examine familiar landmarks, like Disraeli's famous Crystal Palace speech of 1872, in a new light. He believed that there was far more to empires than pomp and glory, yet he must have read more of the literature of pomp and glory than any fellow historian. He was far more interested in the language of empire than in the processes whereby empires rose or fell, yet he did not consider his work as an exercise in historical semantics. He wanted to discover why men thought as they did, not simply what they said. His work was unfinished: it was the kind of work which always must be.

The present volume is the first of two. It begins with Scipio fascinating the Roman crowds in 184 BC with talk of 'imperium vestrum': it ends with what Professor Koebner illuminatingly calls 'the eclipse of empires' at the peace settlement of 1815. A second volume, based on his manuscript notes, is promised in the near future. It will deal with the period which has claimed far more attention from historians of 'imperialism' than all the earlier periods put together – the 19th and 20th centuries. During this relatively recent period, as Professor Koebner says, the spell radiating from notions of imperial power has changed from enthusiasm to abhorrence. It is only in the second half of this recent period that most of the explanations and theories of imperialism have taken shape, but they exert so much influence in current debate, academic and political, that they have cast into oblivion most of the issues and arguments which are discussed in this present volume. Concentration on the economic aspects of imperial relations or on the emergence of nationalism has given a new mould to modern thinking.

This is not the first time in history that new approaches to empire have made people forget at least as much as they have learned. Professor Koebner has some illuminating pages on the way in which 15th and 16th-century humanists, who delighted in treating the Holy Roman Empire with cynical irreverence, developed and diffused a new imperial terminology which pushed medieval preoccupations into the background. And many Victorians, notably the historian Freeman, had their own kind of amnesia. The aspirations which led Edmund Burke to define an empire as 'the aggregate of many states under one common head' left no lasting mark on the public mind, Professor Koebner suggests, after they had been defeated by American separation in the 18th century. Historians have had to recover with difficulty what even previous generations of historians had forgotten.

In this context Professor Koebner's study is a sustained exercise in recovery. It is an attempt too to set recent debates in historical perspective. Unfortunately its own perspective is not completely convincing. Two chapters of the book are devoted to the Roman heritage of 'imperium', the medieval arguments about empire and 'the Empire', and the contribution of humanists to imperial rethinking. Four long chapters deal almost exclusively with the British Empire from the 17th century to the end of the Napoleonic Wars, and one rather sketchy final chapter is concerned with *'l'empire français'*, Napoleon as a 'new Charlemagne', and the rather curious reactions of 1815. There is little about Spanish and Portuguese approaches to empire, historically significant though these were, about Russia (Moscow, 'the third Rome'), or about modern arguments between empires. There is nothing at all on ideas of empire outside the limits of European statecraft, with the exception of one incidental reference to the 'empire of the Turks'. To have included China within this survey would have demanded an impossibly complex scholarly apparatus, but to leave it out is certainly to abandon claims to universality of explanation.

Changes in the world outpace scholarship, and the main lasting value of Professor Koebner's book will be associated with what he says in it about Britain, Britain with Rome in the distant background, but Britain all the same. He shows how the very idea of a 'British Empire' was bound up with convictions about British strength at sea. Before the British Empire was the British Ocean; before *Rule Britannia*, which fits beautifully, if modestly, into this historical survey, was *Britannia Victrix* with its talk of 'the grim tyrants of the sea' being enclosed in 'narrow creeks'. Years later Thomson was asserting proudly that 'the winds and seas are Britain's wide domain'. Between the two dates the Empire had become associated in Englishmen's minds with colonists, not with Red Indians, and it remained so associated throughout the long and complicated debates which provide the subject-matter of most of this book. The way in which the other Indians changed the story is reserved for the next volume. So too, presumably, are changes of mood and purpose. Thomson wrote appealingly of 'gay colonies', participating in the charms of civilisation. There was to be an 'age of improvement' around the corner.

Asa Briggs

Common Bird or Petal

Poems and Verse Plays of Hugo von Hofmannsthal. Edited and introduced by Michael Hamburger. *Routledge*. 42*s*.

Of the trio, Rilke, George and Hofmannsthal, it is the latter who has attracted the least attention outside Germany. This present compilation – a bilingual selection of poems and six verse plays – is a valuable achievement, but not likely to start any critical landslide in Hofmannsthal's favour. He emerges from it as the most attractive personality of the three, but the least forceful artist.

Hofmannsthal was an aesthete, conscious of the sterility of aestheticism, and seeking to escape from his own aestheticism. A great deal has been made by the critics of his 'solution of the antinomy between art and life, introspection and activity, individualism and community' – to quote a phrase from Mr Hamburger's introduction. Obviously this 'crisis' (as presented in the Chandos Letter and indeed pervasively) offers a fine opportunity to the philosophically minded sort of critic; and it is interesting to note how English critics turn philosophic – and turn Germanic – when they are engaged with German writing. They trust the artist: far from trusting the

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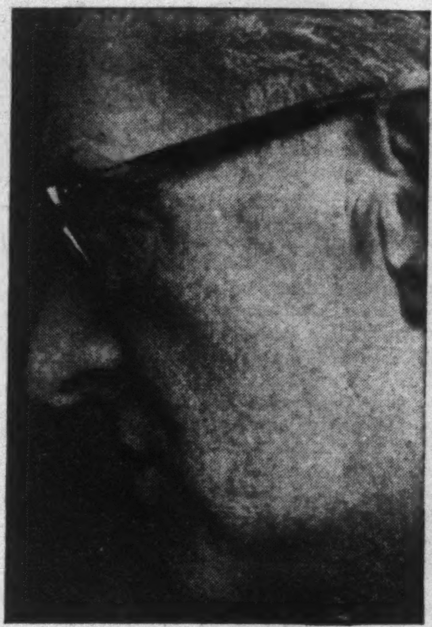

NORMAN COLLINS LOOKS AT THE NEW DAILY HERALD

Norman Collins, Deputy-Chairman of Associated Television, has been connected all his life with sound radio, television, newspapers and publishing; and is himself the author of many novels. Mr. Collins welcomes the re-emergence of the Herald as a newspaper for people whose minds work.

You are a television man, Mr. Collins. Do you think television has had a great influence on newspaper readers, or do people exaggerate this?

No, I don't think they do. The effect has been very great. The process started with sound radio, of course. A person who comes down to breakfast having listened to an early morning news bulletin is an entirely different kind of human being from a person who has not heard any news, and is looking to his newspaper to bring him up to date. For that reason, I think the function of a newspaper has changed absolutely fundamentally since radio and television came on the scene.

And do you feel the newspapers themselves have fully realized this? That they have adapted themselves to a changed situation?

I think that, to an extraordinary degree, most of them haven't. That, in fact, is what I find so encouraging about the new Daily Herald; it shows an awareness no other paper has shown of a completely changed set of circumstances. It's the only paper in Fleet Street in which one is conscious that *something is going on.*

Do you think that ordinary people, who have not got a Fleet Street background, as you have, are already aware of this?

They must be, I'm sure. (I don't think the process of change is complete, yet; I'll tell you why in a moment.) Because the Herald is unique in Fleet Street at present. There are other papers which are admirable pieces of presentation, but no more admirable than they were two or, if it comes to that, ten years ago. The Herald is really evolving.

Could you give an example of the way the Herald is emerging as a documentary *newspaper; explaining and commenting on the news?*

Yes. This issue, for example, to take one at random. On page 3, where once you would have had another page of miscellaneous news, there is an article about the United Nations' plans for peace. Now, that was written on the assumption that most of the readers had already heard the news of Hammarskjöld's death, and were now really concerned to know more about its implications, and about the working of the UN as a whole.

You have probably noticed that these page 3 articles are a regular feature, under the headline "The Daily Herald Explains." What do you think of the series as a whole?

Oh, very good. I thought the ones on the Common Market, for instance, were excellent; and I know what a difficult subject it is to give a lead on, because I've already sought to do something about it on television. Of course, the Herald has an advantage over us in this respect, because people can go back and re-read . . . important with such a complicated subject. The whole series is an excellent idea.

Grand old men are out

It certainly seems to be a success. Now, what do you feel about the leading articles in the Herald?

Well, frankly, I think the leading article as such is out of date. It belongs to the nineteenth century, when there was a grand old man in the back room laying down the law. The only purpose a leader achieves is to induce certain thoughts in readers, and you can achieve that more successfully by informative and intelligent comment elsewhere in the paper—as the Herald does in those articles we've just discussed, for example.

Do any other examples occur to you?

Well, Malcolm Muggeridge, for instance. I'm schizophrenic about him. I disagree with nearly everything he writes, but he's a superb journalist . . . the best of his kind in the country, and the Herald is entirely right to give space to such first-class writers as this. Which brings me to another thing. I very much welcome the reversal of the policy which says that you can't have any articles more than three hundred words long. This is very exciting and I hope it's the beginning of a general trend. You really have *something to read* in the paper and surely that's what you want.

Yes, indeed. Also something light, even frivolous, to read, don't you think? Do you approve of Henry Fielding's column—or do you feel that a gossip column is out of place in a radical paper?

I'm quite sure it isn't. I don't think this one *looks* sufficiently like a social column at the moment, though. One thing I feel is important in a feature like this is that the contributors should be the sort of people who normally would enjoy the sort of life they are describing.

You think the Herald must forget all about political or social gulfs here?

I do. And just have a really brilliant social column. Effectively illustrated, too—that's important.

Is there any one step you feel the Herald could take that would be a really major step forward?

Yes, there is. The Herald is in process of becoming a very exciting paper. In my opinion, it would be even more exciting if the make-up and typography matched the contents more. I don't think it *looks* as good as it *is*, yet.

Aim: the new young people

I see. And now, what about the new Daily Herald advertising theme: "People whose minds work know the Daily Herald gives it to you straight"? This means the younger people, from late teenage upwards; and particularly the better educated, more thoughtful and critical generation that is growing up now. Do you agree they're the Herald's coming readers?

I think the aim is absolutely all right, and I think the Herald is moving in that direction. But I feel (and my 17-year-old daughter confirms this) that the paper could still get much closer to this generation; give them much more than it does now of the things that interest them.

Do you mean serious things, or lightweight things?

Oh, they want both. It's a curious generation; quite different from the one before: it's musical both in terms of classical music and pop; its tastes in art and entertainment are far more catholic, and I think you must have a much wider cultural sweep to reach large numbers of them. It would be a terribly clever thing if the Herald became a paper known widely for its music and its ballet and its discs and its theatre and books. That would be getting *really* close to the late teenage and upwards. And, of course, much more about science. That's vital to this generation, too.

You made it clear that you are not a Socialist. Could you say why, then, you feel able to say a good word (because, in spite of your criticisms, you have been enthusiastic) for a paper which is definitely left of centre? Is it just because, as a former journalist, you admire the Herald's improvement professionally?

Oh, no, certainly not. Two reasons. Firstly, I deplore the passing of the News Chronicle. I know the Herald is in no sense another Chronicle, and has, fundamentally, another type of reader in mind. Nevertheless, I very much hope that it will also take over a large number of dispossessed Chronicle readers who have nothing whatever in common with the baby they found on their doorstep on that amazing morning of the Daily Mail take-over.

And the other reason?

That I believe it is very, very important indeed that one should have all shades of political opinion in the Press. I think it is absolutely vital that the Herald should exist; that there should be a real radical alternative to the other popular papers. I feel that very deeply and fervently. One need not be a Socialist to feel that. . . .

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CHATTO & WINDUS

tale, they hardly seem to notice it. Mr Hamburger's introduction is painstaking and thorough, yet it doesn't give one much idea of what Hofmannsthal's poetry is *like*. It makes explicit, though complicated, what is already perhaps too explicit (though more graceful) in the work. The translations are more truly enlightening: they (and notably Mr Hamburger's own) are of a very superior kind, and remind us that we seem to be entering a new era in the translation of German poetry.

Hofmannsthal's problem was not a new one. Art is beauty: art must have to do with life if it is not to starve: yet life is often not beautiful. Rather than conveying a sense of what life is, Hofmannsthal is most adept at conveying the aesthete's recognition of the emptiness of his existence. The theme is already summed up in an early poem, 'The Youth in the Landscape'. Coming to see 'that the world's destinies were his by kinship,' the youth decries 'the riches he had found in his own soul,' for now 'only the need of serving made him glad.' To use Hofmannsthal's terms, he is preparing to penetrate out of 'pre-existence' into 'existence' – but we do not witness the outcome of that penetration.

The smith in *Idyll* stands for participation in 'real life', presumably, and the centaur (the 'lover of journeys') for the dream or for art. When the smith's wife runs off with the centaur and the smith kills her with a spear, the reader is left feeling that the villain of the piece (in so far as there is a villain) is the smith rather than the centaur. In the morality-style verse play, *Death and the Fool*, Claudio, 'the utterly unloving and unloved', is an enervated, more cultivated and narrower version of Goethe's Faust 'What do I know about human life? . . . at the most, I studied it.' When he complains that he is not ripe for death, Death reminds him:

> What all men have, you, too, were given:
> An earthly life, to be lived in earthly fashion.

The apparitions enter of three persons whom, through his non-commitment, Claudio has betrayed. He then falls dead, after announcing that Death can compress into one hour more life 'than once the whole of life had space to hold,' a sentiment which seems to imply a curious conception of life's possibilities and an odd celebration of them.

'How strong is all that's common, life is filled with it,' we are told in *The Marriage of Zobeide*, and again,

> O fool,
> whoever scorns what's common, seeing that life
> consists of what is common, through
> and through.

Yet one finds little that *is* common in these plays, which partake of the aristocratic and ritualistic nature of Yeats's theatre. In *The Emperor and the Witch*, the Emperor (of Byzantium) can only end his seven years' enthralment to the beautiful witch by not touching her for seven days. 'I want human, human kind!' He succeeds, the witch turns into an old woman, and he can now give himself freely to his wife and children, to 'real life'. Yet here too the reader may feel that his sympathies have been enlisted for the witch. Trying to convince himself, Hofmannsthal hardly manages to convince the reader that a meaningful choice has really been made.

There is, that's to say, a strong impression of *voulu* about this writing. We see what Mr Hamburger means in speaking of the unity within the diversity of Hofmannsthal's productions; but the reference to Goethe only brings out how much greater Goethe's diversity is and how his unity is less forced, less conscious, than that of Hofmannsthal's 'repertory'.

Hofmannsthal's verse has a consistent measured grace (admirably reproduced in the translations), on the cold side, but still distinct from the lofty, sacerdotal and more-refined-than-thou poetry of Stefan George. Yet George's cold, arrogant aestheticism is at any rate in focus, it has an incisiveness and force which compel admiration: it has the courage of its (as they seem to me) largely distasteful convictions. George's ivory tower was armour-plated. Hofmannsthal impresses us as 'a better man', more scrupulous, concerned for the outer world and its denizens, less godlike in his assurance. Yet – suffering perhaps from the vices of its virtues – his verse often seems slightly out of focus, deficient in incisiveness and cogency. He is puzzling out, whereas George knows – and is stating. 'Every complete poem,' Hofmannsthal wrote, 'is at the same time premonition and presence, longing and fulfilment' – yes, but is this too much to ask, or perhaps too much to be conscious of?

What another poet might theorise about in his journal, might deduce from the poetry he has already written, Hofmannsthal talks about in his verse. Perhaps it was as a way of escape from his obsessive preoccupation with one or other aspect of the antinomy that he turned to translations and adaptations. It seems that it was thus – and notably in his collaboration with Richard Strauss – that as an artist he found himself best able to penetrate out of 'pre-existence' into 'existence', to take his place in a society of men.

D. J. Enright

More Clay Feet

The Prof in Two Worlds. By the Earl of Birkenhead. *Collins*. 45*s*.

Lord Cherwell was the first professional scientist to reach cabinet rank. At one time or another, he exerted more real power than any other technical adviser to the British government. His career illustrates the growing role of such advice in shaping political history. He is thus a portentous figure of our times, and it is fitting that he was also a character built on massive scale, a sombre and often savage combination of brains, energy, prejudice and venom. Lord Birkenhead is concerned to relate his official life, to unravel the public controversies which were only glanced at in Sir Roy Harrod's personal memoir; but inevitably, and rightly I think, he is preoccupied by Cherwell the man. This book is essentially an apologia for an extraordinary human phenomenon, whose name is still a fighting word among the bemedalled boffins of Oxford and Whitehall.

The case for the prosecution is long and formidable and Lord Birkenhead wisely gives it full play. Cherwell was an unhappy and disoriented man. He came from a wealthy family of Alsatian origin but was by law and inclination an Englishman. He was, however, born in Baden-Baden where his mother (selfishly, as he later supposed) was taking the cure. This accident caused him endless trouble and, combined with the widespread belief that he was a Jew, led him to view the world with preconceived hostility. He had a further grievance against his mother: she brought him up a vegetarian, a fad he despised but was unable to eradicate. Hence, though greedy and sybaritical, he was never happy in his diet, which he supplemented by a combination of liqueur chocolates and *sauce hollandaise* (a taste he shared, oddly enough, with Christian Bérard).

Thus soured, Cherwell was quick to forge enmities and obstinate in cherishing them. Indeed, there is no recorded instance of his forgiving anyone he was publicly committed to dislike. He quarrelled irrevocably with his younger brother, and refused to speak to his only sister for the last 40 years of his life. Once he reached manhood, he broke with his mother. His famous vendetta with Sir Henry Tizard, though obscure in origin, was pursued to the end with unrelieved rancour. When Tizard, through an intermediary, tried to persuade Cherwell to bury the hatchet for the duration of the war, his odious response was: 'Now that I'm in a position of power, a lot of my old friends have come sniffing around'.

This rare talent for personal dispute was reinforced by unshakable prejudices on a wide variety of subjects. Cherwell was anti-semitic and detested coloured people (an aberration which Birkenhead traces to a childhood fear of golliwogs). He was oblivious of the working classes, except in their natural capacity as servants. He avoided social intercourse with his middle-class colleagues, because their standards of comfort did not match his own and also, I suspect, because he could not bear cultural small-talk (indeed, he disliked culture as such: his rooms at Christ Church were decorated with two hideous Victorian canvases, relics of childhood; his chief reading was Wodehouse and Dornford Yates; his favourite TV programmes were boxing and quiz-games). He was happiest when staying in opulent country houses, discussing power and money with those who possessed both.

It is likely, indeed, that his wealth was a serious obstacle to happiness: it cut him off from a variety of human experiences and contacts which might have softened the pathetic fear and hostility with which he faced existence. Even as a student at Berlin, he lived at the Adlon and occasionally appeared at the laboratory in morning dress. His travels were surrounded by the protective cocoon of Rolls Royce, chauffeur and valet. He went to absurd lengths to avoid the risk of ridicule. When learning to fly, his fear of being seen in a flying-suit was so great that he was accustomed to climb into his aeroplane wearing a bowler-hat, velvet-collared overcoat and grasping an umbrella. He then changed in the cockpit, reversing the process on landing.

Naturally, a man like Cherwell found it impossible to come to terms with women. He twice contemplated marriage. On the first occasion he was too shy to propose; on the second he was rejected, a mortification he did not risk again. Birkenhead discounts the theory that he was a homosexual. He states, on the contrary, that Cherwell maintained a normal sexual life of a kind, conducted in London in conditions of the greatest secrecy.

Thus, briefly, the case for the prosecution. What of the defence? Here one comes up against the central problem of biographical evaluation. A man's defects are easily identified and catalogued; the qualities which inspire affection and respect often defy analysis. Kitchener now appears as a sort of monster; yet for decades he commanded unquestioned reverence. Haig was a dunderhead; but he inspired a whole shelf of adulatory biographies. F. E. Smith had a wide range of unforgivable faults; but few men have been so fiercely defended by those who knew him. Cherwell, too, seems to have created the strongest loyalties among those he admitted to his confidence.

The truth, I think, is that his very weaknesses contributed to his appeal. Cherwell was

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a man of enormous intellectual power and could press his views with rare dialectical skill and conversational energy. Such men have, as a rule, little influence: they are outside the human scale and inspire distrust and obstinate disbelief among their less gifted colleagues. Cherwell, happily, suspended his normal intellectual processes over a wide range of subjects where he chose to indulge his prejudices. Hence lesser minds could catch him out and note, with relish and relief, that he was fallible – and therefore human. Moreover, he stood by his prejudices even in the face of irrefutable argument. This, too, is a virtue in England, where an intellectual is never forgiven the luxury of changing his mind and where consistency, even in error, is judged a sign of character. Cherwell's quirks thus opened doors to him which brains alone would never have forced. His career reminds us that the road to power is paved with baffling paradoxes.

PAUL JOHNSON

Feathered Youth

Augustan Studies. By GEOFFREY TILLOTSON. *Athlone Press. 35s.*

Only 40 years divide the young Addison's reluctant acknowledgement that English and French, unlike Latin and Greek, 'always use the same words in verse as in ordinary conversation' from Gray's well-known dictum, 'The language of the age is never the language of poetry', which Mason, Gray's first editor, annotated enthusiastically: 'Nothing can be more just than this observation, and nothing more likely to preserve our poetry from falling into insipidity'.

The rapid retreat into insipidity from the *littérature engagée* of the Restoration dictated the tactics, then, of camouflage by archaism, latinism and poeticism. And in spite of Wordsworth's protests English poetry has never quite outgrown what he called the 'gaudy and inane phraseology' of Pope's Homer and Gray's odes. I even detect it in *Four Quartets*. Gray's observation was made in 1742, the year of *Joseph Andrews;* it was exactly at this time that the point of maximum social consciousness passed from poetry to the novel. The fourth book of *The Dunciad*, also published in 1742, is probably the last poem in which the whole of the English upper class has heard itself speak. Since then it has had to be content with a sub-poetry – the 'Light Brigade', the 'Recessional', and/or Mr Betjeman. The recurrent literariness of all the best English poems, except perhaps Blake's, of the last 200 years is no doubt the manifestation of a deep-seated disturbance in the semantic relations between word, thought and thing. The French call it our hypocrisy.

EDITORS ARE HUMAN

The School referred to in the article "Editors are Human" (John O'London's) is The London School of Journalism. Several phrases are significant. "I think that the tutor must have spent, on occasions, two hours or more on my lessons." "His comments often run to three or four pages of typescript." The standard of personal coaching given by the LSJ is unsurpassed. If you wish to enquire about the School's various courses, you will not be bombarded with follow-up letters. If you enrol, you will work under one coach who will help you along your own lines. Your work will be returned promptly . . . no waiting for two or three months. LSJ courses cover Articles, Stories, Staff Journalism, Radio Plays, English Literature, History, etc. Ask us to send you 'Writing for the Press' post free:

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Geoffrey Tillotson's perceptive and informative collection of essays is concerned with the first phase in the corruption of English poetic style. The general point of view, however, is that of a devil's advocate. While admitting in his first sentence that with 'the greatest poetry of the ages of Dryden and Pope the question of "poetic diction" scarcely arises', Professor Tillotson does his cheerful best to show that many of the pomposities are not as bad as they look. Thus when Thomson calls young birds 'feathered youth' he means, apparently, 'the birds though young are not too young to have feathers' – a compression of 11 words into two that might be allowed to outweigh the artificiality of the phrase. Unfortunately Professor Tillotson's texts have a way of letting him down. When I turn the feathered youth up in 'Spring' what I find is

> But now the feathered youth their
> former bounds,
> Ardent, disdain; and, weighing oft their wings,
> Demand the free possession of the sky.

Here 'nestlings' would obviously have done just as well and saved yet another word. It was magniloquence and not compression that Thomson was after.

A certain fancifulness in the interpretations he offers, which is reflected in a rather mannered style, is the defect of Professor Tillotson's critical ingenuity. I limit myself to two examples. It really will not do to say that the poetic diction in Gray's sonnet on West's death is 'dramatic', that is, intentionally artificial, so that it may contrast with the sincerity of his grief; the description of the morning and the grief are stylistically continuous. At least as implausible is the suggestion that Keats's 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty' is a moral addressed to the figures on the Grecian Urn rather than to 'us'. This time it is the syntax that conclusively forbids the interpretation. The book justifies itself, however, by the detailed and often original genealogies it provides of representative specimens in the vocabulary of poetic diction. I had not realised, for example, that Gray's cat, 'Demurest of the tabby kind', is a mock-echo of Pope's description of Helen, 'the brightest of the female kind' (the connection is clinched by the same rhyme-word being used in both passages).

F. W. BATESON

According to Elsa

Living Free. By JOY ADAMSON. *Collins and Harvill. 25s.*

There are stories of wild tigers living in the camps of Jungle Indians, fading off when strangers approach, and stories of baboons joining in the games of Kaffir boys – games of a ferocity you would not risk with an Alsatian. All incredible stories. Yet Joy Adamson's story belongs with these. *Living Free* describes her continued friendship with the lioness, Elsa, while Elsa lived wild, had a wild mate and reared three cubs. During this period Joy Adamson kept a diary of Elsa's comings and goings and took photographs of her regularly, then worked that material up into a book. The diary tone is still evident, and in just glancing at one page you would wonder how this rather abrupt, condensed notation of disparate observations can carry you along for 135 pages without your special effort. As it turns out, though, one of the excellences of the book is its powerful large momentum: the casual succession of events forms a single and in the end deeply moving story. The fact that we know of Elsa's eventual fate gives the whole unfolding virtually a tragic weight.

Living Free is the perfect kind of children's book. It has the ideal ingredients: close friendship with a wild animal, particularly with a lion, baby lions in their day-to-day growing up, a baby elephant, many curious encounters, villains, suspense, a bit of practical magic for power over crocodiles, a passionately involved narrator, beautiful photographs, and it all really happened. But more than that it has genuine educational virtues: clear, firm, vivid prose, sensitive observation, courage and patience, intense sympathy for life, no padding, no details politely muffed. All this is its very least value.

It is also a painstaking piece of wild-life observation, where the opportunities were unique. Several legends about lions are disproved, such as that when the lioness is hungry the cubs have to wait for their meal until she's finished, or that the tamest of lions will go wild at the first whiff of blood. Several strange facts are noted, as that a lioness's teats are retractile, even when they are heavy with milk, presumably so they won't get in her way when she's hunting. And every page adds to one's sense of how lions in the bush really live – perhaps because here one is looking over the lion's shoulder day after day, as a friend, almost in fact as another lion, rather than confronting it for a few seconds as a suspicious or desperate enemy. Most interesting of all, though, this book presents an intelligent lioness, in her wild state, throughout the most important and most secretive episode of her natural life, managing a friendship – and Elsa *is* the manager – with a human being.

The great event of the book is Elsa's bringing her cubs into the camp and her subsequent efforts to teach them her friendship for Joy Adamson. All three cubs are wild and shy, and it is here, in keeping up her friendship with the author while teaching her the permissions and taboos of friendship with a lion family that Elsa shows such unbelievable tact, sense, magnanimity and self-control. This is what Sir Julian Huxley in his introduction rightly recommends as the marvel of the story. It isn't so much that Elsa shows recognisably human qualities as that she shows a subtle, civilised understanding of how two utterly alien communities can live together and go on liking each other. Coming back into the camp from her wild life, even from hectic moments out there or half-starved, Elsa seemed to be able to adapt herself at once to the society of the Adamsons and their friends. She needed none of the Chicago slaughterer's compulsory half-hour cooling off before mingling with people again.

In this, the book has general significance. That a lioness, one of the great moody aggressors, should be brought to display such qualities as Elsa's, is a step not so much in the education of lions as in the civilisation of men. And insofar as it is more important to throw one's energy into forming traditions of kindness and summoning a spirit of sympathetic understanding, even in the smallest things, rather than exercising any further the overdeveloped weapons of the hands and the head, this book is a small gospel.

TED HUGHES

W. B. Yeats
IMAGES OF A POET

D. J. GORDON edits the catalogue of the recent Yeats' exhibition. It contains essays by Frank Kermode, Robin Skelton and Ian Fletcher on the relevance of the exhibits to Yeats' circle and interests, and 36 half-tone illustrations. *Cloth. 18s. net.*

The Early H. G. Wells

BERNARD BERGONZI. 'Many readers will find with me, that their understanding of Wells' romances has been deepened and enriched out of all recognition . . .' – *Kingsley Amis in The Guardian.* *21s. net.*

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The Law of International Institutions in Europe

A. H. ROBERTSON traces the growth of the idea of Europe and surveys the different forms expressing it. 'This book fulfils a need at present.' – *Times Educational Supplement.* '. . . short, useful and to the point.' – *Law Society's Gazette.* *18s. net.*

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QUINCY WRIGHT outlines the functions and history of international law and considers its application to current conditions and the future. *The* current conditions and the future. *Ready shortly. 18s. net.*

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This weekend in

THE SUNDAY TIMES

Britain's Backward Hospitals

Doctors' Battle in the Slums of Medicine

Britain today is a welfare state with one of the highest living-standards in the world. But many of our hospital buildings are the *worst* in the world. Two-thirds of them were built before the Boer War and in 1961 still present a picture of the squalor and bleak charity of the Victorian workhouse. Understaffed, overcrowded, many of them lacking even the basic amenities for the care and comfort of the sick, they have been described by bitter medical men as the "Cinderella of the social services".

SUSAN COOPER recently inspected inadequate and makeshift hospital buildings throughout Britain, where doctors and nurses struggle to maintain the highest standards of medicine in the world. She found nurses resigned to the ineradicable dirt of archaic wards; doctors bitterly angry at conditions which lead to growing waiting-lists and dwindling staffs; hospital administrators highly critical of the complexities of Government planning.

All very different from "Emergency Ward Ten". But unhappily, Susan Cooper's report is more representative of many hospitals than is the television image. The first article in this startling survey of Britain's shamefully substandard hospitals appears exclusively in THE SUNDAY TIMES — THIS SUNDAY.

BERTRAND RUSSELL:

Challenge of a World without *War*

"One grave psychological obstacle" to establishing a World Government — an authority governing *all* nations — would be the absence of "an outside enemy to fear", says BERTRAND RUSSELL. For it is this fear which unites the people of single races and nations. A world without it might lack social cohesion and be difficult to govern. This weekend in THE SUNDAY TIMES this man of massive intellect and controversial opinions expounds his theories on World Government — which he sees as mankind's only chance of survival in the nuclear age.

AESCHYLUS, 1961

This weekend HAROLD HOBSON, THE SUNDAY TIMES dramatic critic, writes about a historic event in the theatrical world — the revival in London after 56 years of a work first staged about 2,500 years ago. It is the Old Vic presentation of the ORESTEIAN trilogy of AESCHYLUS, one of the fathers of Greek drama and a founder of drama as we know it today. This production of the trilogy in a single performance is a great occasion for lovers of the classical theatre; Hobson's verdict on it will appear this Sunday.

THE SUNDAY TIMES

in every way a worth-while newspaper

A Dubious Hand

The Mad MacMullochs. By EDGAR MITTELHOLZER. *Peter Owen.* 16*s*.

The Piling of Clouds. By EDGAR MITTELHOLZER. *Putnam.* 16*s*.

The Innocent Moon. By HENRY WILLIAMSON. *Macdonald.* 18*s*.

Eugénie. By HESTER CHAPMAN. *Cape.* 21*s*.

The Quick and the Dead. By JERZY PETERKIEWICZ. *Macmillan.* 16*s*.

The Prophet's Carpet. By ANTHONY RHODES. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 18*s*.

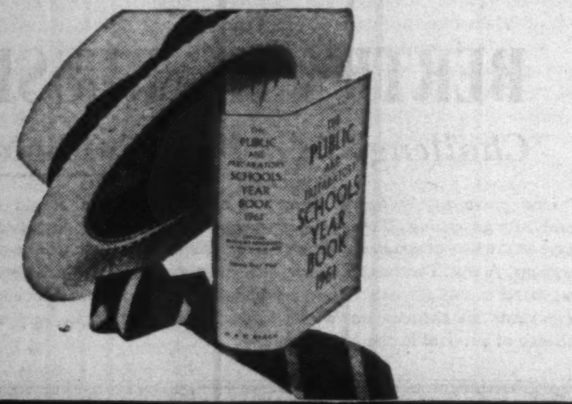
The Straw Man. By JEAN GIONO. Translated by Phyllis Johnson. *Redman.* 21*s*.

Requiem for a Schoolgirl. By IVAN T. ROSS. *Heinemann.* 15*s*.

The Mad MacMullochs is a re-issue of an early Edgar Mittelholzer, an exuberant, inexpert book aimed at middle-class respectability from a safe distance: the island of Barbados. Behind a casuarina screen and a system of equivocal passwords the MacMullochs have established a community where good and evil are replaced by a philosophy of 'strength, discipline alertness and courtesy', everyone is honest and frank, and the girls wear only Chanel No. 5. The minimal story centres on Ronald and Albert, ordinary young men whose reserve is broken down by exposure to this way of life. The day-dreamy side of this, the breadfruit and hibiscus and fondling of breasts, is balanced by some alert fantasy and farce; this utopia is quite a complex affair, and doesn't strike one as merely limiting the possibilities of a good life. It has also a serious side, with features that emphasise and throw suspicion on Mr Mittelholzer's aims as a moralist. Behind the casuarina screen the point is not that it's nice to leave off a brassière, but that it's *wrong* to wear one. Worse: over every married bed hangs an 'O' record card ('the Health Department keeps a check on vitality and libido'). Inspectors of sex, morals, even of alertness, are lurking under the breadfruit trees, and punishments are subtly awarded and accepted. One is no longer quite with Mr Mittelholzer. The point seems to be that no restrictions are quite so bad as those evolved in escaping from respectability, but this is probably not what he meant.

In *The Piling of Clouds* he comes closer to the bone, and raises more doubts. A reference was dropped in Barbados to a Eugenics Department 'to keep the population free of human vermin', and this is now his subject. Peter Elmfold, manager of a chemist's shop – the scene is sombrely Home Counties – has a head stuffed full of nonsense about human vermin – the 'criminal classes', sexual degenerates, Aldermaston marchers and all those with the 'will to rot'. But despite an obvious obsession with child-rape, Elmfold is not himself human vermin: that is the role of his friend Pruthick, bachelor and tax-inspector, whose twitching hand in the first sentence prepares us for what is to happen. The eventual rape and murder of the Elmfolds' nine-year-old daughter is an affair of multiple ironies: that the act was provoked by advances made to Pruthick by Elmfold's wife, that Elmfold cannot hate him for it but simply fails to understand, that Pruthick kills himself because he accepts the contention that he *is* human vermin and should be destroyed ('secretly I've agreed with you all along'). Points have been scored up earlier for Elmfold's point of view, but one hadn't looked for quite this vindication of it. If this is irony, it's still fairly sick – and either way, the ideas developed in this book strike me as no less frightening than the rape of the child. There's no understanding here, Mr Mittelholzer is concerned not with causes but effects, and makes of them a smooth melodrama with a dubious moral – so dubious that it looks like a symptom of the moral collapse all too apparent in his characters.

The Innocent Moon is the ninth volume on Phillip Maddison, but somewhere along the line a sense of purpose seems to have gone out of the undertaking, leaving only an exhausting literalness. 1920-23 are frankly dull years: Phillip is doing journalism in London or scribbling away in his Devon cottage, taking long walks, thinking about marriage. Yet this hardly conveys how the story drags, letting all the flotsam of life pile up and block its natural flow. Too many people tell Phillip that something in him died in the war: the idea sticks, and seems objectified in the very circumstances of his life – the number of meals eaten, clothes bought, visits paid and received, and words spoken to no more purpose than 'I expect you'd like to wash. You know where the bathroom is don't you?' Perhaps Mr Williamson's eye for detail in nature accounts for a reluctance to cut and select any of his material. Nor is Phillip's inner life much of a contrast. He broods over the war without yet making anything of it, and muddles his responses to four or five different girls – who are admittedly fairly indistinguishable. The big, implicit claim that he is in touch with 'the deep-rooted poetry of life' is not backed here with any useful evidence. There's more in the view, which he seems to share himself, that something is wrong with



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Phillip at this period. Mr Williamson has done much better than this: it may partly be that he struck a bad patch in his hero's life.

Eugénie is a *petit-point* version of the life of Eugénie de Montijo, wife of Napoleon III and for 50 years an exile in England. The story moves at an even pace through the court history of the Second Empire, pausing over a fashion note, an assassination, an infidelity, and making do with the bare necessities of decor. Eugénie hardens from a half-wild Spanish girl into the mistress of the Tuileries, and wilts into the graciousness of age. Her character and the long span of her life are documented rather than explored in depth: but it is tactfully done.

The Quick and the Dead is a life-after-death fantasy that successfully imposes a new view of limbo. It is good on two levels: like *Alice in Wonderland* it convincingly dislocates the existing world, but it also re-creates in the new medium, certain moral, and possibly religious, concerns that can only be understood in human terms. The inhabitants of this limbo are bound together by acts committed in the past and now repeated or modified until their consequences are worked out. Here obsession with death goes on after death, and makes limbo peculiarly horrible; but out of it a barely-perceived pattern emerges. These beings are trying to exorcise their memories, achieve a kind of forgiveness and free themselves of the past. Mr Peterkiewicz makes it seem a truthful picture.

Three light and stylish books fall into marked national categories. *The Prophet's Carpet*, a mannered but perceptive tragicomedy in the English liberal tradition, handles the encounter of an old-style British consul and a modern Balkan state with irony and affection for both sides. *The Straw Man* is Jean Giono's *Le Bonheur Fou*, an extravaganza on the Italian revolutionary movements of 1848 which owes its rather queer distinction to a pastiche of Stendhal's Italian manner. The American *Requiem for a Schoolgirl* also gets its vitality from outside; it looks like being interesting about teaching but slips into the Chandler idiom and ends as another very neat thriller about juvenile vice, one with fine, sharp lines.

ROBERT TAUBMAN

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Triumphal Portraits

ELLIS WATERHOUSE

The Waterloo Chamber at Windsor Castle was conceived by George IV, who did not live to see it finished. It is perhaps the most imaginative of all British royal commissions given to painters: an ideal international Summit Conference in portraiture of all the sovereigns, soldiers and statesmen who contributed to the downfall of Napoleon. They were all to be painted by Lawrence, who was engaged on them for the last 15 years of his life and did not quite live to complete them. The ordinary tourist visitor to the Castle crosses this room by a roped passage and is aware of the splendid presence of these august personages looming a little darkly from the walls; and he catches a worm's eye view of the huge images of *Wellington* and *Schwarzenberg*, who hang on balconies which are perhaps only visited by housemaids. He is unlikely to be aware that he has been exposed to one of the great splendours of British portraiture.

Very few of them ever left the walls of Windsor between the commemorative exhibition held in 1830 at the British Institution, just after Lawrence's death, and the winter of 1946/47. On that memorable occasion over 500 pictures from the Royal Collection were shown at the Academy. There were so many masterpieces there of another sort that the dozen Lawrences from the Waterloo Chamber seemed only to be rather splendidly furnishing a vestibule, and it was not thought practicable then to take down the big pictures from the balconies. Now the Waterloo Chamber has been confided for some months to the Ministry of Works and it has been necessary to take down all the pictures. Until the last day of the year 16 of the finest form the nucleus of a small but carefully selected Lawrence Exhibition which has been chosen by Dr Kenneth Garlick for display in the Diploma Galleries of the Royal Academy.

Lawrence's reputation had been in decline up to the end of the last war. Fourteen of his portraits had been shown at the British Exhibition in 1934 (a rather oddly chosen selection) and for a generation there had been no other chance of forming a true notion of his quality, as he is not well represented in the National Collections. But all that was to change. Over the last ten years it has been possible to see at exhibitions something like a hundred of his finest pictures. In 1951 Mr Goldring's biography, with much new information, appeared; and in 1954 Dr Garlick produced the first full catalogue of his paintings and the first book in which a sufficient selection of his best work is illustrated. Dr Garlick's research has continued since then, and the present Exhibition, built up round the *clou* of portraits from the Waterloo Chamber, which are the central core of his achievement, is a very well calculated affair, planned to show Lawrence's strength and to play down his weaknesses, and to show him as a portrait draughtsman as well as a portrait painter.

The visitor is 'received', as he crosses the threshold, by the *Emperor of Russia*, beautifully poised in a studied stance of informal imperial welcome, and he then moves on to the 'triumphal portrait' (Lawrence's own words) of *Wellington*. This normally invisible picture is one of the great masterpieces of historical portraiture. It was last available for close scrutiny at the Academy of 1815. The Duke is holding erect the Sword of State, as he did at the Thanksgiving Service in St Paul's Cathedral, which appears in the background. It is an image in paint, in an international formal language, of the public feeling about the battle of Waterloo. But it is not a single flight of splendid rhetoric. *Blücher, Schwarzenberg, Pius VII, Cardinal Consalvi* and the *Archduke Charles* – to list only the most splendid – all appear transfigured by the same poetic imagination according to their character and according to their nationality. No portrait painter had had this power and international insight since Van Dyck. To compare Lawrence's interpretation of *Charles X of France* or the *Duc de Richelieu* with what Baron Gerard or Isabey (let alone Goya) made of Wellington is a lesson in international understanding.

It is worth while speculating on what gives Lawrence this power. It is something very much more than that nice adaptability of manners which enabled Winterhalter to 'catch the tone of the highest Society'. Lawrence was a connoisseur of physical presence; I had almost written of amative values, only that is not quite enough. He had an astonishing gift with more or less mature persons, young or old and of either sex, of discerning the physical signs of why they loved, or were loved by, others. This feeling may well have been trained and sharpened by his exploitation as a boy prodigy in doing drawings or crayon portraits to support his impecunious family, at an age when he would not normally have been faced with the problems of interpreting character: and it may help to explain his own rather inscrutable emotional entanglements. It explains also why his portraits of children are so insipid. Children are 'everybody's darlings' and have not yet attained this personal magnetism. Reynolds was naturally more sympathetic to the mind of children than to that of grown-ups, and one can understand why Lawrence so extravagantly admired Reynolds's *Strawberry Girl*: it shows a knowledge beyond his powers.

Consider at the Exhibition an old lady (*Lady Dundas*), a young bride (*Lady Bathurst*), a rather shy girl about to marry (*Miss Copley*), and a rather forward miss at the same moment of her life (*Lady Charlotte Hornby*). All these were painted when Lawrence was between the ages of 20 and 30, and they show an unclouded awareness of those values in his sitters which made them amiable. When this quality was lacking Lawrence makes it plain, as in the portrait of the unnamed frump (No. 25), who, I suspect, was one of those unamiable old ladies described by Mrs Papendiek as belonging to the Household of Queen Charlotte. Later in his life – unless this may have been due to a change in the manners of his sitters – he sometimes shows too much of the struggle to appear charming (*Lady Wallscourt*). This quality is not in the least confined to his portraits of women. It is easy to understand what Lawrence relates in a letter, that the Empress Dowager of Russia, on first seeing the Czar's portrait, was '*screaming* with delight'. It was a portrait of *her* Alexander. Ingres alone among other portrait painters of the 19th century has the same feeling for the physical values of his sitters.

For a Protestant painter the pictures of the Pope and his Secretary of State are the most surprising achievements. Both are done in an Italian baroque idiom. *Consalvi*, the *rusé* master of diplomacy, who engineered the election of Pius VII to the surprise of everyone, is shown with St Peter's as his backdrop. *Pius VII*, a guileless and saintly man, innocent of statecraft, who had saved the Church by renouncing entirely its temporal power, is shown in some recess of the Vatican as the rightful heir and depository of the legacy of Antiquity – the *Laocoon* and the *Apollo Belvedere*. How wonderfully Lawrence has got both sitters to co-operate in his success. The sullen Pope who had sat to David ten years before at Napoleon's demand, revealed to Lawrence (as the painter himself says in a letter) that 'benevolence and a sort of mild energy, that is the real character of his intellect and nature'. Lawrence knew the mind, as well as the features, of the men he was painting – we can only regret that he was not given the chance of painting Napoleon.

The Impostor

JOHN COLEMAN

Rossellini's two-year-old *Il Generale della Rovere* (International Film Theatre), scripted by the men who wrote *Open City*, has a good harrowing war story to tell and does so at length. Bardone (Vittorio de Sica) is a gambler and confidence-trickster, a self-styled colonel, who charms money out of the kin of political prisoners by claiming influence with the German occupation authorities. Nodding, becking, leaning on a fragile dignity, he moves about the damaged, deprived city, trying to sell a fake jewel. The Germans pick him up and make a bargain, involving incarceration and impersonation: he is to become the famous general, della Rovere, thought to be in prison but actually dead, and so lead them to the elusive leader of the partisans whose job it is to link up with the general.

How Bardone grows through torture and various shames into an heroic stance is the theme of the film and, entrusted to de Sica's essentially comic talents, it doesn't come off. Utterly credible and craven as the actorish cheat – and these early sequences are fine, marred only by a whore with a heart of gold – he fails, for all the wall-tappings, blood and scars of prison life, to seem other than playing a part to the grimly real end. Much of the detail around him begins to look like clever ornamentation. Something perfunctory appears in the filming itself – tired inserts from newsreels, an alarmingly glib cut to the submarine landing della Rovere – and music, menacing or tender, is heavily relied on to supply the emotional pitch.

Paris Blues, directed by Martin Ritt and now showing at the Odeon, Marble Arch, begins by singing a song of social significance. Paul Newman – this week on trombone – and Sidney Poitier are jazz musicians, working in a Paris night club, and they meet another white-and-black pair, Joanne Woodward and Diahanne Carroll, two nice American girls mysteriously together for a 12-day vacation. The small anti-discrimination laughs echo refreshingly in the commercial cinema and are presumably enough to bar this film from distribution in the Southern states of America: a kind of bravery, then. But in no time at all an inoffensive, schematic pairing-off takes place and Newman-Woodward, Poitier-Carroll wander round an affectionately photographed Paris, wafted by a Duke Ellington score. There are 'big', gratuitous issues of sorts – will Newman give up his artist's freedom for marriage and repatriation, will Poitier go back to fight for his people – but the piece has really settled for charm by then. Satchmo blasts off one of those trumpet voluntaries of his (am I alone in being slightly embarrassed by the Uncle-Tom side of his latter-day exploitation?) and Joanne Woodward's candid, puckish presence makes her seduction of the ox-like Newman somehow credible and attractive. But this is yet another of those bad American films in which the skeleton of a good one lies slumped.

Briefly: *Le Clochard* (Curzon) has Gabin as a roistering, erudite old tramp, fighting against odds to get himself a three-month holiday in jail. Some pungent shots of street-markets, building-sites and bistros that show up Martin Ritt's Paris as rather a cosmetic job, after all, and a couple of sub-Tati moments hardly atone for the overall scrappiness: *longueurs* of coats being hung on pegs, protracted gags, abrupt cuts, and a general sense of seedy low-budgeting. Peace to the Francophiles, but *Bachelor in Paradise* (Coliseum), which has Bob Hope disrupting life in an exurbanite American dream community, is much funnier. Though the situations are, if anything, broader than ever and Lana Turner carries a perilous spun-glass hair style through it all as if that were her largest charge (and even the zany new girl, Paula Prentiss, is wasted), enough wisecracks slide out of that small triangular aperture at the left end of Mr Hope's mouth to keep most people happy.

Make-Believe

ANNABEL FARJEON

Rudolf Nureyev's face is so real, so unvarnished, that it makes the faces of other dancers look like dolls. The variety of facial expression in ballet is not learnt by rote, as in Indian classical dancing, but it is unconsciously copied from generation to generation, and in this way the expressions have become stylised or traditional. The dancer smiles in a certain simpering way at the moment he thinks the audience would like him to; he looks grave if the story demands it, or noble – with a formal nobility that is sometimes impressive, sometimes utterly ridiculous.

Rudolf Nureyev, who left the security of the Leningrad Kirov Company to seek his fortune in the West, danced in England for the first time last week, at a gala matinee in aid of the Royal Academy of Dancing. This Russian star is revolutionary, for he only smiles when he is amused. There is no pretence. His lines are not set. He is not ashamed to show his suffering or his sensibility. And the consequent impression that he does not bother about the audience gives an appearance of great self-confidence, though never of conceit. It is as though he were making believe for his own pleasure, performing with the intensity of a lonely child in the nursery.

At the gala, where famous stars showed off in a neat succession of numbers, there were three other *premiers danseurs* who interested me because of their contrasting manners. Michael Somes and Gerard Ohn were hard-working, capable old hands, who followed the traditional style with a firm, manly glance that could show disapproval, aquiescence, slight pain or slight joy. They would never display strong emotion, because they had not learnt to feel it on the stage. But their timing and their powers of modestly drawing attention to a ballerina partner were quite impeccable.

John Gilpin danced *Le Spectre de la Rose* with Margot Fonteyn, who proved how much better she can now perform poetic romance than tough technical fireworks. On the other hand, technical problems paled before Gilpin's smooth, rounded efficiency. The trouble was his face, smooth and impervious. It was as though the Spirit of Nothing was dancing. His attraction lies almost entirely in the expression of his beautiful limbs, that respond so perfectly to the demands of classical dancing. Nureyev's control is by no means so perfect, although his leaps are cool and enormous, with the accent on the long, suspended moment when he comes to the top of the arc. But his pirouettes are not sharp, and his turns in the air often lurch sideways, so that you fear he will fall on his hip. In a wild solo called *Poème Tragique*, specially arranged by Frederick Ashton, he showed a freedom of spirit and movement that I could not help interpreting as a kind of emotional battle between his loyalties to Russia and to his own soul. And because he danced with such ferocious abandon it became a sad, as well as an exciting, experience.

The scrupulous honesty that distinguishes this character has only been equalled, in my memory, by that of Walter Gore. But Walter Gore, for all his strange brilliance, hadn't the star quality of Nureyev. Star quality is generally acquired only through long experience: but with this young man it appears to be almost unconscious, a kind of phosphorescence that fixes our attention on him and no one else.

NO ANSWER

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NIGHT

And we are proud to announce that on 23rd November we will publish **Francis Pollini's** brilliant novel of the Korean war, a strong, deeply shocking saga, first published by Olympia Press, and until recently banned by British customs. Certain to be the best-seller of the year. 20s.

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IN PAPER BACK

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Survivors

JOHN GROSS

The Polish State Jewish Theatre, now appearing for a limited season at the Princes, is remarkable for the dedication and tenacity of its members, and in particular of its director, Ida Kaminska. Through various Nazi oversights, there are at present 40,000 Jews living in Poland – a little over one per cent of the 1939 population. Few in numbers though her potential audience was, after the war Mme Kaminska struggled to bring the Jewish theatre back to life, and in 1949 she achieved official recognition and a subsidy from the Polish government, at a time when in the Soviet Union the campaign to stamp out Yiddish culture was at its height and the doyen of the Moscow Jewish stage, Solomon Mikhoels, had just been murdered. Today the Polish company is a lonely beacon in Eastern Europe, for Russian Jews (of whom almost half a million put down Yiddish as their first language in the last census) are still denied a press, theatre or cultural institutions.

The Yiddish theatre rarely produced works of art to rival other branches of the literature, but it was always a genuinely popular drama, steeped in folk traditions and folk attitudes. In these tearful sagas of orphans and stepmothers, plot counts for nothing compared with idiom and gesture; what matters is that the stock types should be put through their paces. The poor man is bound to have a houseful of unmarried daughters, and the rich man to be outwitted by a pedlar; we know before we start that true love will frustrate the prancing marriage-broker, or that the tsarist policeman will stroke his moustaches while he waits for his bribe. Most of this dates from Goldfaden, the father of the Yiddish theatre, whose work provides the basis for one of Mme Kaminska's productions, *A Goldfaden Dream*.

The company are also presenting two new plays (one about Spinoza), and two adaptations from the work of Sholem Aleichem, including the incomparable *Tevye der Milchiger*. As for the language barrier – well, there are full synopses in the programme. But in any case the style of speaking is highly expressive, as Kafka implied when he made the startling remark that his audience understood Yiddish much better than they supposed. The tradition represented by Mme Kaminska's troupe is melodramatic, sentimental and unsophisticated; it is also moving, funny and intensely human.

One Big Bang

ROGER GELLERT

Compared with the last London revival of Shaw's *Heartbreak House*, the present one (to be seen at Wyndham's) is a very unglamorous affair. It is the sort of decent, well-intentioned performance you would expect to see at one of the better conservative Reps, say Liverpool or Sheffield, and the only surprise is that it actually originated at the Oxford Playhouse, which one associates with rather more adventurous casting. It is sufficiently relaxed and competent, however, to present the play cleanly for inspection.

Up to about halfway, while it concentrates on the marital aims of Ellie Dunn and the bewilderment of this tough little Socialist innocent in the 'overheated drawing-room' that was Shaw's image of pre-1914 England, *Heartbreak House* has the confident inventiveness of the very best artificial comedy; but by the time most of the characters have been shown up for the flimsy poseurs they are, the pace has slackened and one is barely interested (nor are they) whether Ellie creeps into Shotover's bunk or a zeppelin excretes doom on to their blazing verandah. Shotover declines into a bore, and the drop of each curtain is heralded by a wave of flatulent rhetoric. Whatever one may say of his style, he is nothing if not forward-looking, prophetically hoarding dynamite to 'blow up the human race if it goes too far.' 'Can't you think of something,' lisps one of the ladies, 'that will murder half Europe in one bang?' But Shotover, striving to attain through rum the seventh degree of concentration, has no precise aims, he is just a crazed, misanthropic idealist, pouring scorn on his guests with the same off-hand fury as he pours tea into the waste-paper basket. Lady Hesione, in her blasé Lesbian way, is a better *raisonneur*, and so is arid little Mazzini Dunn. It is the virtue and vice of Shaw's love of paradox that each character contributes some truth and some falsehood.

Roger Livesey (Shotover) made a fine, shambling old bear, but his characteristic grizzling delivery, further damped on this occasion by severe laryngial trouble, became very trying after a while. July Campbell (Hesione) was rather messily flamboyant, Perlita Neilson (Ellie) gave a sympathetic, very Tutinish performance, Donald Eccles (Mazzini) was touchingly wan, and Michael Denison (Hector) provided an interlude of dazzling gladiatorial expertise in a mimic fantasy of Fairbankship. Far the best, however, was George Benson as the ill-fated industrialist Boss Mangan; with his huge white teeth and chin like a sack of potatoes, Mr Benson has a vehement helplessness all his own, the sort of beefy man one is not in the least surprised to see suddenly crying like a child.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,655 **Set by Haddock**

In *Take a Girl Like You* Kingsley Amis makes considerable play with the idea of a 'stooge'. For example, a stooge will walk with forefinger crooked over the lid of his suitcase or march along staring in front of him with hands closed and thumbs pointing forward, will repair a cigarette with stamp-paper, keep his change in a purse, fill in the Personal Memoranda page of his diary, or repeat insults he has received under the impression that they were jokes. Competitors are invited to sketch (in not more than 150 words) a stooge actor, decent Englishman, doctor, poet, Prime Minister, schoolmaster, teenager or American. Entries by 21 November.

Result of No. 1,652 **Set by L. G. Udall**

The name of a Welsh mountain has been conferred on a human being. A conversation on this matter is invited, between the affected mountain and neighbouring peaks.

Report

The Cymric spirit rose up from Llandegfan to Barkingside. This *saesneg* was thankful Glyn Evans sent an English translation with his entry. Efforts were peppered with *bachs*. Within many Celtic hearts Disdain was having a good kick at Pride's bottom, but Pride

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stood up to it very well. There were several references to that near-namesake Ramsay MacDonald's Chancellor of the Exchequer; 'A den or a don, what matter?' (D. R. Peddy), and 'I had no connection with that gentleman,' (G. J. Blundell). 'Jones the Lens' (Stanley J. Sharpless) as an alternative title will, I fear, stick in my memory a long time.

Nancy Gunter leads the field with two guineas. A guinea each to the others printed.

Fair Snowdon, smiling from her lofty height,
Draws proudly round her regal veils of white
And says, 'If Orpheus were here, I vow
He'd quickly make you lesser mountains bow
To me – an Honour (as you may have heard)
By Royalty on Me is now conferr'd,
A noble Line shall henceforth bear MY name,
The Earl of SNOWDON – 'tis the Peak of Fame!'
Cried Cader Idris, 'Mine had been more meet,
Am I not known as Good King Arthur's Seat?
Proud throne indeed!' Then Dinas, close at hand
Put in her oar, 'There's nice it is our Land
Should be the one in all our pleasant Isle
Thus to be singled out in this fine style!'
'Well, well!' sighs Snowdon, 'Breeding tells, you know.
Some of these English hills seem somewhat low,
And to Perfection we shall come the nighest
If we, of men and mountains, choose the highest!
Snowdon sounds well, but would it not look silly
If a great man were titled "Lord Brown-Willy"?'

NANCY GUNTER

Tryfan: Well now, Snowdon bach, how do you like lending your name to one of these human creepy-crawlers?

Snowdon: It wass a liberty, look you, and I should have been consulted.

Moel Siabod: Ach y fi, man, make the best of it. Aren't you glad to be almost one of the Royal Family?

Snowdon: It iss a step up for the Joneses, whateffer. I don't think they had the right to look so high.

Cader Idris: It's right you are, Snowdon bach. Now you will have to keep down with the Joneses.

The Glyders (*all together*): That iss, so, Snowdon. It iss climb down for you.

Moel Siabod: Not at all. Look you, it iss jealous you all are. A noble peak should be associated with the Top People.

Snowdon: Yess, indeed. It iss a sign of The Times. I bow to it.

Carnedd Llewellyn: Snob!

ALLAN M. LAING

Moel Siabod: Get not above yourself, *dyn gwyn*. Too much in the news very bad thing, *bach*.

Snowdon (*humorously*): My top considerably photographed of late has been, indeed. (*Smirking.*) Think you the snowy collar becomes me, gentlemen?

Carnedd Dafydd (*beginning to recite*): *Oer yw'r eira ar Eryri* ——

Glyder Fach (*cutting in*): Not again, if you please, Dafydd. Tired of that old *englyn* are we, man. Not the collar that matters, but the wearer, man or mountain. Time will show.

Snowdon: Yet adds distinction, you will agree. (*A ray of early sunlight gilds his crown. He is delighted.*) More than a common-earther, surely to goodness!

Cader Idris (*shrilling across*): Snap-happy hubby of Maggie Jones, eh? Wouldn't do, *bach*!

Moel Siabod (*shocked*): Oh, tut-tut! (*Chuckles in spite of himself and calls back.*) Wouldn't do at all. *To Snowdon.* Would it, *mynydd mawr*?

Snowdon (*affecting hauteur*): Not amused, man.

R. A. MCKENZIE

(*dyn gwyn* – white man. *oer yw'r eira ar Eryri* – cold is the snow on Snowdon. *englyn* – a poetic form, *mynydd mawr* – big mountain. I hope!).

City Lights

TAURUS

Successful newspapers know that readers suffer from greed and guilt by turns and can cater for either feeling. Selwyn's tax on speculative profits, the *Sunday Express* screamed suddenly last weekend, will be much harsher and more sweeping than any of us supposed. Anybody, it went menacingly on, who sells shares within a year of buying them will become liable to both income tax and surtax on his profit, and *there will be no allowance made* (this was the savage, unexpected jab) *for capital losses*. The City did not, could not believe it. But it buzzed like mad with horror and indignation.

It was the bit about losses which hurt. The City is naturally in a less generous mood than it was a few months ago. At the time of the Budget it seemed only fair that the tax inspector should be allowed his modest share of the large and semi-automatic capital profits which most people had acquired the habit of expecting: and if surtax was to be drastically reduced, some such *quid pro quo* seemed inevitable. Now, when profits are harder to make, when speculations sometimes come unstuck and heavily-stagged issues may open at a discount, the City feels a re-awakening of affection for the atavistic argument that those who risk losses if they fail should not be taxed on their profit if they succeed. But Selwyn, of courses, must do something to keep the unions sweet. Provided that he allows capital losses to be set off against capital profits, amateur speculators can reckon on being left no worse off than the professionals who contrive to make a reasonable living out of the business – and the present, when most people could realise a loss or two if encouraged, may well seem as good a time as any for getting the new arrangement started. But to disallow losses would be to run from one extreme to the other: instead of granting favours to speculation, the tax system would then actually be penalising it. And this, of course, would be seen as nothing less than wanton political interference with the smooth operation of the capital market.

What Selwyn actually has in mind is known only to the poor draughtsmen who are struggling to put it into words. In his Budget speech he turned down the idea of a full-blooded capital gains tax for being excessively complicated and pointed out that people who make a business of dealing in shares (and property) were already liable to tax. So they are, of course, but the Inland Revenue has always found it so difficult to prove that any particular share purchase was made in the hope of a capital profit rather than as an investment that the amateur's capital profits have normally escaped tax altogether. In subsequent pronouncements, therefore, Selwyn began to hint at legislation – legislation which would presumably establish some objective means of distinguishing speculation from investment. But such a distinction is likely to be either unfair or easily circumvented, and the chief beneficiaries in either case will be the lawyers. If the new Bill turns out to be as complicated as Selwyn is now hinting, the government will have to think of a new explanation of its refusal to introduce a capital gains tax.

* * *

Grandma is not finding it easy to make a clean break with the cautious habits of a lifetime; Bank rate was cut last week, but only by ½ per cent. Share prices, which had risen a little in anticipation of the cut, rose no more after it – the company news of the day was too depressing. The gilt-edged, money and foreign exchange markets, however, continued to behave as if another cut to 5½ per cent could not be long delayed, drawing encouragement from the news that the gold reserve would have risen by some £120m in October if the rise had not been deliberately cancelled out by special capital payments. But the squeeze on credit, we are told, is to be maintained. Although the government is understandably anxious to get the balance of payments out of the mess into which it has been allowed to slip, it is doubtful whether it would have the courage to continue pressing so hard if it did not possess a considerable faith in the US boom and its effect on British exports.

The US boom, in fact, is faltering for the moment. The Bomb, over there, is a business factor; consumers have been buying durable goods and industrialists have been planning new factories with less enthusiasm than usually accompanies the upswing of a boom, and the optimistic forecasts of the early summer are being revised downwards. The slackening may well be temporary; the full effect on the economy of increased government spending has yet to be felt. But it is significant that US businessmen, disenchanted with the new Administration, are already beginning to mutter that they cannot expand without a firmer prospect of expanding profits, and that the Administration itself is being increasingly compelled to take the payments deficit and the threat of speculation against the dollar into its economic calculations. Even the US can no longer afford economic isolation: noises are already being made in important places suggesting that if Britain joins the Common Market the US will eventually have to follow our example.

Company News

After the news of poor results from its new subsidiaries, *British Aluminium* and *Raleigh*, the increased profit of *Tube Investments* proper came as a pleasant surprise to the market.

But bad news is still the rule – a reduced interim dividend from *Courtaulds* as well as the expected drop in profits, a brave but gloomy annual statement from the chairman of *Fisons*, reports of labour redundancy at *Hawker Siddeley*, and *Western Credit* making only a gradual recovery from its troubles over hire-purchase; the announcement that the chairman of *E. K. Cole* has resigned from the board of *British Electronic Industries*, into which *Pye* merged it last year, is not encouraging.

The 50 per cent drop in *British Motor's* profit was expected. On the other hand, *Marks & Spencer* has reported an increase in its half-year sales (profit figures are not given) from £79m to £84¼m.

Trollope & Colls, the building firm which was recently given the contract for rebuilding the Stock Exchange, is coming to the market for a quotation.

The directors of the *New River Company*, who recently announced a proposed arrangement with another company to develop its properties, has received a bid from *Alliance Property* and are trying to get it rejected.

The *Agricultural Mortgage Corporation* is following rapidly after the *LCC* and *Bootle* with a £10m issue.

The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

From time to time a countryman is shocked into a fresh awareness of natural beauty; half a dozen pheasants feeding in golden stubble, a hare at gaze, a privet hawkmoth which enters by a lighted window, renew one's feeling of intense pleasure in other creatures. And because there is a strong need for expression of gratitude, there is a temptation to revert to belief in God as artist bringing his masterpiece to Adam for naming.

That will not do; yet the more closely and carefully you look at the markings and colours of a butterfly's wing or a kingfisher's plumage, the less possible is it to go beyond admiration for, to belief in scientific explanations of, these things. They are, especially when it comes to insects, too facile by half. This becomes very clear when a keen and ingenious lay mind is applied to criticism of entomological orthodoxy. I have been reading a book very badly entitled *Méduse et Cie* (Gallimard, 8.50 N.F.) by Roger Caillois who believes that light can be cast on the nature of the universe by what he calls *diagonal sciences*. It is not a good phrase but I think he means that we should consider the knowledge accumulated by various disciplines as forming a layer cake, each layer isolated from the rest; and then take a sectional cut through the cake and study the section. In *Méduse et Cie* he brings his own knowledge of human mythology into association with the science of entomology: the result is stimulating: maybe this book is nonsense, but I have a feeling that it may be 'seminal'.

Beer and –
yes! – skittles

The things I let myself in for! Stranger in town, pub I've never seen before. Drop in for a beer and a sandwich, meet people, get friendly, all friends together. Next thing I know, I'm roped in for skittles. Great lump of wood in my hand: feel the grain, all bumpy from skittles it's hit I suppose. Hit skittles! Look at them, miles away down the alley. Swing back – here goes. Trundling so slowly . . . won't reach them . . . yes it has – all down! Hoo! Skittles lovely, life lovely! Where's my lovely pint?

Beer,
it's lovely!

ISSUED BY THE BREWERS' SOCIETY, 42 PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

Why do our tortoiseshell butterflies and hundreds of other insect species throughout the world have *ocelli*, those concentric circles which look like blind eyes, on their wings and on other parts so that some chrisalids, for example, look exactly like carnival masks? Answer: for the same reason that mariners used to paint *ocelli* on the prows of their ships and boats. Mimetism: insect species imitate other species; certain butterflies copy wing designs, motions, forms of other butterflies, so that the species can be distinguished only by close examination. In other cases, whereas the male of a species remains unchanged, the female takes on the appearance of one of several different other species. Thus the African butterfly *Papilio dardanus* has three or four different kinds of female, for some females imitate one species, others another and so forth.

Insects imitate not only leaves, but leaves with all the stigmata of decay or disease. Wasps try to look like ants, ants like wasps. Examples are infinite. Why all this? Well, why do human beings like dressing up? Why do we enjoy being *disguised*? The orthodox explanation of mimetism is that the miming species is trying to protect itself by copying a species better provided with defences – *i.e.* that a fortuitous first, approximate likeness to the better defended species has led to the usual process of natural selective breeding. But this explanation does not stand up because when the crops of insectivorous birds are examined on a statistically significant scale, it is found that the disguised get just as much eaten as the undisguised. Precisely the same is true of invisibility devices. But if it serves an animal no purpose to be invisible by camouflage, why do it? Why do we revel in tales in invisibility-conferring garments?

The explanation of gaudy colouring in birds has been criticised by other authors; it simply is not true that the colouring of the male is really important in attracting the female; nor is there any good evidence that female bowerbirds are really impressed with the surrealist works of art produced by the male with everything from pebbles and coloured leaves, to metal bottle tops. What then is M. Caillois' hypothesis? It boils down to supposing that 'there exists, in living creatures in general, a tendency to produce coloured designs (likewise to mime, to be invisible, to *épouvanter*) and that this tendency produces, notably, and at the two extremes of evolution, the butterfly's wings and the painter's pictures.

M. Caillois does what I can't do here; he deals with all the obvious objections to this theory: one example, he foresees the usual cry of anthropomorphism and points out that the real, fundamental anthropomorphism consists in thinking (exactly as men think) that everything must have a practical purpose, that therefore the whole theory of neo-Darwinism is as anthropomorphic as the special creation myth. I liked this book because it has long seemed to me that men practising the arts are not distinguishing themselves from, but assimilating themselves to, trees varying their leaf forms infinitely, peacocks, fish, or those insects which, at no gain to their species, live for ever behind a mask, often grotesque, like so many people we all know. Rum.

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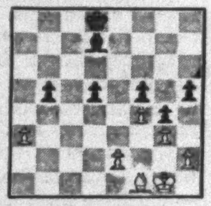
The Chess Board

No. 626 His Profoundest Study

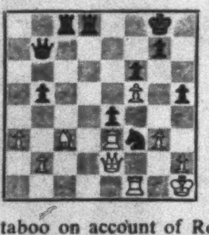
I am quoting from *cette monumentale étude qui est la plus profonde que j'ai composé . . .*; this comes from André Chéron, undoubtedly the greatest living expert on endgames and a man not usually given to overstatement. Enough to take good notice; moreover he tells us that he spent six months' hard work on this study, and he concludes with the charming suggestion: *J'aimerais que vos talentueux démolisseurs du New Statesman s'attaquent a cette étude*. And who are we to resist such a challenge? The complete analysis takes up 27(!) pages of closely typed foolscap; Chéron has sent me an abridged version, and I'll use it to the limit of my space. Readers will have seen at a glance that the study was inspired by Dr Baxter's remarkable prize-winner in our recent competition and the profound analysis of 'conjugate squares' even then undertaken by Chéron in his capacity of Judge. Here then the author's solution and a few of his comments.



1) Kf2.! Kc7; 2) Ke3, Kd6 [. . . *Kb6 fails against 3) Kd4, Ka5; 4) e3, etc.*]; 3) Kd4, Bc6! [*If . . . Be8?; 4) e3!, Bg6; 5) h4! etc.*]; 4) h3!! *But not e3?? which would give Black the chance of drawing by . . . Be8!*]. Be8 [*Obviously . . . Bb7 would be refuted by 5) h4!*]; 5) Bg2!! [*But not e3?? which would give Black the chance of drawing by . . . Bd7!*], Bc6 [. . . *Bf7 would be countered by h4!*]; 6) h4!! [*If, instead White blunders by e3?, Black draws by . . . Bb7!*], Ba8 [*Obviously . . . . Bb7 would be countered by 7) Bf1!*]; 7) Bf1, Bc6! [*If . . . Bb7 White wins by 8) e4! whereas e3? would only draw*]; 8) e3!, Be8 [*Obviously . . . Bd7 would be answered by 9) Bd3*]; 9) Be2, Bc6; 10) Bd1, Bd7 [. . . *Bb7 would be countered by 11) Bb3, whereas both . . . . Be8 and . . . Ba8 would be answered by Bc2*]; 11) Bb3 [*A mistake would be Bc2 as Black could draw by . . . Be6!; 12) a4, ba:; 13) Ba4:; Bf7!; 14) Bb5, Bg6!, and the White Bishop would never reach e8*], Be6 [*Naturally, ... Bc6 countered by 12) Bc2*]; 12) Bc2 [*But not 12) a4? which would give Black a draw by . . . ba:, nor 12) Bd1? which would fail against . . . Bf7!*], Bc8; 13) a4!, ba: [. . . *b4 wouldn't help him either, though the win isn't easy and takes 15 moves*]; 14) Ba4:; Be6; 15) Be8 and wins easily. . . ..

I wonder if any one of our own experts on conjugate squares can pick a hole in this analysis. I doubt it, but there's nothing like trying. Dr Baxter's opinion, of course, would be particularly welcome and interesting.

A: Svorykina-Suetin 1961



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position offering some well deserved light relief. Quite a dramatic affair, Black starting the fireworks with . . . Rc3: Obviously the Rook is taboo on account of the threatened . . . Rd2, so White got in a counter-blow. 2) Rff3:, hoping that this Rook was also taboo on account of Re8†. How were his hopes dashed? For 6 & 7 ladder-points **B** is a draw, **C** a win; the latter one of the innumerable classics "doctored" by Chéron. He added the P on h7, thereby saving the piece from being spoiled by the ugly dual Bg6. Usual prizes. Entries by 20 November.

B: André Chéron, 1952: /kt1K5/p5p1/p1kPp1p1/P7/P7/1P3Pq1/4P2R/6B1/.

C: Troitzky-Chéron 1911-1957: /8/7p/1K6/4p2B/q2k4/P3Kt1P1/P2PP3/8/.

REPORT on No. 623. Set 20 October

A: 1) Rd8!!,Kte8(best); 2) Ktf7:†!!(Re8:??),Rf7:; 3) Re8†, Bf8; 4) Rf8:†,Rf8:; 5) Bg6†,Kg8; 6) Qh7 mate.

B: 1) Bd7,h2; 2) Bc6†,Kg1; 3) Bh1!,Kh1:; 4) Kf2, etc.

C: 1) Kh7!!,h4; 2) Kg6,h3; 3) Kg5,h2; 4) Kg4,h1=Q; 5) Kg3! and the untouched Black P, blocking the diagonal, robs Black of the resource . . . Qh8.

An easy lot and plenty of flawless solutions. A good thing we've got last week's unawarded guinea to augment the prize-fund; it is shared by J. W. Atkinson, R. C. Chaturvedi, J. Dilley, M. P. Furmston, E. Giles, J. J. Walsh, R. T. Waterfield.

ASSIAC

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS cost 6s. 6d. per line (average six words), minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Prepayment essential. Semi-display giving greater prominence £5 per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post. New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

THE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL

Applications are invited for a Senior Research Assistant and a Research Assistant for the University research project on the prescribing of drugs by doctors and the distribution of products by drug houses. Preference will be given to candidates qualified in medicine, psychology or sociology. The appointment will be for two years, and the initial salary will be £1,200 per annum for the senior post and £750 per annum for the other.

Applications quoting Reference CV/NS, stating age, academic qualifications and experience, together with the names of two referees, should be received not later than 25 November 1961, by the Registrar, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM

Faculty of Commerce and Social Science

RESEARCH ASSISTANT

Applications are invited from graduates with qualifications in Economics and Statistics. The appointment may be full-time or part-time and the salary will be according to qualifications and exper. within the range £425 to £675.

Applications with the names of not more than two referees to the Clerk to the Faculty of Commerce and Social Science, the University, Birmingham, 15, from whom further information may be obtained.

ESSEX
ERKENWALD YOUTH CENTRE, DAGENHAM

Required as soon as possible:

A full-time DEPUTY WARDEN (man or woman) to assist the full-time Warden in the general administration of this Centre, the organisation of classes in vocational subjects and the development of social and recreational activities.

Candidates should possess a degree, teacher's certificate, or a certificate or diploma in Social Science or Youth Leadership and have had experience in youth work and/or teaching.

Salary (subject to review) within scale: £520 x £27 10s. (16) x £40 (1) to £1,000 p.a., plus London Allowance. Additions to scale for training and qualifications, if in accordance with Burnham Salaries Report conditions. Previous experience and War/National Service will be taken into account in assessing the commencing salary.

Assistance towards removal expenses will be considered

Details and application forms may be obtained from the Borough Education Officer, Town Hall, Barking. Completed applications should be returned as soon as possible.

AMERICA

Mrs James Davis (ACCS),
Principal
THE OVERSEAS STAFF AGENCY
RICKMANSWORTH AND
SAN FRANCISCO,
CALIFORNIA

is available at her office here to discuss suitable child care and secretarial vacancies.

ITALY – posts as mother's helps and au pairs.

Please write to 45 Church Street, Rickmansworth, for an appointment.

BBC requires Scriptwriter, European Productions Department in London. Duties include writing documentary features and other broadcast material for audiences outside the UK on subjects connected with the British scene and on international affairs. Essential qualifications; proved writing ability and aptitude for assembling and presenting facts in a concise and interesting form; thorough knowledge of current affairs; wide interests which should include Industry and Science; good political judgment and ability to formulate ideas for output. Desirable additional qualifications: first-hand experience of conditions abroad. Short-listed candidates may be asked to take a test. Salary £1,725 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £2,225 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.505. N Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

REQUIRED for January 1962, Play leader for new playground, King's Cross, for children from 5 years. Salary from £700 p.a. according to experience. Details: Secretary, Cubitt Play Park, 55 Russell Square, WC1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Producer/Programme Assistant in School Broadcasting (Sound) to take charge of some of the broadcasts for children of three to seven, which include 'Listen with Mother', 'Listen on Saturday' and 'Let's Join In' Applicant appointed will be required to find, commission and write suitable programme material and to produce it for the microphone. Professional experience with this age level and musical knowledge desirable. Salary £1,380 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,780 max. p.a. Requests for application forms and further particulars (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.513 N. Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, Ldn, W1, within 5 days

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. Lecturer in English in the Department of External Studies. The University invites applications for the above-mentioned position. Applicants should be qualified to teach English at University level. A degree with honours is essential, while evidence of research and lecturing experience at a University or Teachers' College would be an advantage. The duties of the appointee will include writing lecture notes and study guides to external students, correcting assignments, visiting students in country areas, supervising tutorial groups in his subject and lecturing at the Vacation School. The successful applicant may also be given some lecturing and tutorial work to internal students within the Department of English. The salary range for Lecturer is £A1,830 x 70-£A2,330. The successful applicant will be entitled to participate in the benefits available to the academic staff which include FSSU-type Superannuation, Housing Assistance, Study Leave and Travel Grants. Additional information on the conditions of appointment, staffing and activities of the Department, together with application forms, will be supplied upon request to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close on 30 Nov. 1961.

THE University of Manchester, Extra-Mural Department. Applications are invited for the post of Staff Tutor in Holly Royde College with the salary and status of either Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in the University. Applicants should hold a good Honours degree in one of the following subjects: Literature, Philosophy or Sociology. Salary scales per annum: Lecturer £1,050 to £1,850; Assistant Lecturer £800 to £950. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Initial salary and status according to qualifications and experience. Duties to commence on 1 January 1962 or as soon as possible thereafter. Applications should be sent not later than Mon. 20 November 1961 to Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13 from whom further particulars and forms of appln may be obtained.

LONDON County Council. Education Officer's Department. Chartered Librarians required for: Brixton Day College; North London Day College; Woolwich Day College. £840 x £40 – £1,000 commencing above minimum where appropriate. Five-day week. Forms and particulars of posts from Education Officer (Estab. 2/N/3070/11), County Hall, SE1, returnable by 27 November 1961.

RAMPTON Hospital, Retford, Notts. (Special Hospital for Mentally Subnormal Patients). Wholetime Clinical Psychologist. Considerable scope for research. Close association with the University of Sheffield (Department of Psychology), with facilities to register for Ph.D. Further information from Medical Superintendent. House or quarters available. NHS Conditions and Superannuation applicable. Salary Scales: £625-£730 (Probationary) plus £65; £790-£1,100 (post probationary) allowance. Candidates may visit Hospital by appointment. Applications, giving full particulars of qualifications and experience and naming three referees to Medical Superintendent not later than 20 November 1961

FEMALE Welfare Officer required for modern Old People's Home with 233 beds. This full-time appointment is a worthwhile job and one of absorbing human interest. The work consists of dealing with applications for admission, the problems of residents and their families, liaison with Local Authorities, Hospitals and similar institutions. We are seeking a good administrator with a social science background and previous case-work experience among the aged. This is a well paid, permanent appointment, with clerical assistance and meals provided. Residence could be arranged. Selection starts immediately and applications, giving full details, should be forwarded to the Secretary, Home for Aged Jews, 105 Nightingale Lane, SW12.

SENIOR Child Care Officer (man or woman) with suitable qualifications and experience required to undertake statutory reviews, case work consultation and possibly student supervision, in addition to a small case load. Appointment within appropriate APT scale in accordance with experience and qualifications. Transferable Superannuation Scheme. Headquarters London. Apply in writing, stating age, education, qualifications and experience, enclosing copy testimonials and names of two referees, to the Children's Officer, Thomas Coram Foundation, 40 Brunswick Square, London, WC1, within 14 days.

SECRETARY, 22/30, for well-known West End publisher. Sal. to £13. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

People buy

REMEMBER POPPY DAY

du MAURIER

for positive reasons—

sensible full-size cigarette,

perfect filter tip,

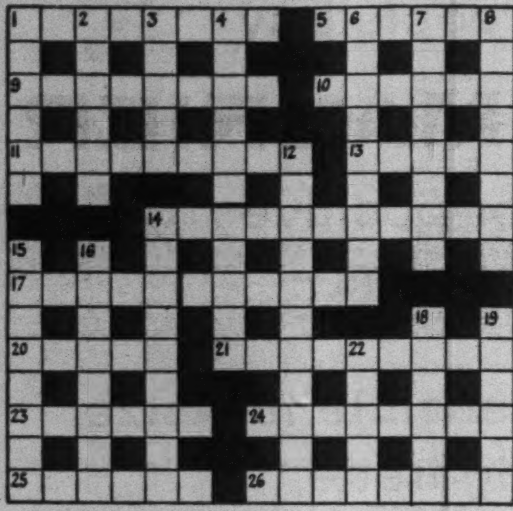
an exceptionally good blend of the finest Virginia tobacco

du MAURIER
du MAURIER CIGARETTES

Twenty Exceptional Cigarettes for 4/6

Week-end Crossword 483

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 483, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 21 November.



ACROSS

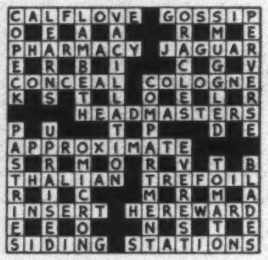
1. Take prisoner, supplying water to start with (8).
5. 'A —— of crystal, blazoning the name Of Adonais!' (Shelley) (6).
9. A piece of writing grows old showing ancestry (8).
10. Harm the devil with a tune (6).
11. A craft set to produce the creations of man's skill (9).
13. A jester returns something for the bath (5).
14. I go before the country after voting for fertilisation (11).
17. Tick for the soldier? (5, 6).
20. Piece of poetry which is hypocrisy and nothing more (5).
21. Girl who starts with a home in Ireland (9).
23. Back to annoy about the team having something invigorating (6).
24. A cynic makes me pinch most of the cat (8).
25. Supporters who appear for a second in a small country (6).
26. Ascetic columnists? (8).

DOWN

1. The country with possessions without measure? (6).
2. Number among words uncertain in etymology (6).
3. Refuse to banter (5).
4. Unauthorised departure makes the FLN cheer wildly over the welcome (6. 5).
6. Cloth needed when the meal is spilt in the seat (9).
7. Opus for which the speaker is inadequate (8).
8. Place to find knowledge about the weather (8).
12. Creature which has to stay in a religious body (11).
14. Encourage but not praise at random (9).
15. Something breakable is caught above the stones (8).
16. Time over since changing offices (8).
18. Cape has a suggestion for backing the favourite (6).
19. Creatures who make wagers without money (6).
22. Technique which needs a second to be fatal (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 481



C	A	L	F	L	O	V	E		G	O	S	S	I	P
O		E		A		A				R		M		E
P	H	A	R	M	A	C	Y		J	A	G	U	A	R
E		R		B		I				C		G		V
C	O	N	C	E	A	L		C	O	L	O	G	N	E
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S		R		M		O		R		V		T		B
T	H	A	L	I	A	N		T	R	E	F	O	I	L
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E		E		O				N		S		T		E
S	I	D	I	N	G		S	T	A	T	I	O	N	S

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 481

Neil Macleod (*London SW*10)
Mrs E. B. Quigg (*Belfast*)
Miss B. Mowat (*Orkney*)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

DEVON County Council require at Bradfield School, Cullompton, resident Housefather and Housemother, joint or separate applications considered. Salaries £475-£600, less £120 per annum in both cases. Application forms from Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Exeter.

PARK House School, Peper Harow, Nr Godalming, Surrey. Applications are invited immediately for the post of Deputy Headmaster at this Senior Approved School, accommodating 106 boys aged 15-16 years on admission. The vacancy arises on 1 February 1962 on promotion of the present Deputy to the Headship of an Approved School. Salary – Burnham Scale plus £120 per annum plus £170 special responsibility allowance plus £216 per annum for extraneous duties. Modern house with garage available in the grounds for married man. Further particulars from the Headmaster on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope. Closing date – 20 November.

ASSISTANT Mistress wanted, as from January 1962, to be responsible for the arrangement of physical activities (tennis, riding, etc.) and willing to co-operate in special methods of teaching English to foreign students. Residence optional in Mistresses' House. Burnham Scale and 13/14 weeks' holiday annually. The post offers special opportunities in beautiful surroundings to a young and enterprising teacher of cheerful and friendly temperament who has a genuine sympathy with young people of many different nationalities. Applicants must be English. Apply stating qualifications, (graduates preferred), to the Headmistress, LTC Ladies' College of English, Compton Park, Eastbourne.

PESTALOZZI Children's Village, Trogen, Switzerland, urgently requires married couple as houseparents for 16 children in one of its British houses. Housefather should be a qualified teacher, preferably with residential experience. Knowledge of German an advantage. Salary based on Burnham scale plus free board and accommodation. Superannuation arrangements. Full particulars from Chairman, Pestalozzi Trust, Battle, Sussex.

RESIDENT Housemistress, to do also some teaching, required from January 1962. Burnham Scale and Ministry of Education Pension. 13 weeks' annual holiday. Candidates should possess a degree either in History or Modern Languages, English, Geography or Social Sciences. The position offers special opportunities to those interested in teaching English to foreigners. Apply, stating qualifications, to the Headmistress, LTC Ladies' College of English, Compton Park, Eastbourne.

RESIDENT Matron required, as from September 1962, to co-operate with resident Housemistress and Headmistress in the care of 96 foreign students. Salary starting at £500 rising to £700 per annum plus full board-residence. Seven weeks' holiday annually. Apply, with two references, to the Headmistress, LTC Ladies' College of English, Compton Park, Eastbourne.

A CHALLENGE – Vacancy for experienced man as Youth Leader of North London mixed Club. Good flat available. Salary in accordance with National Scale. Apply for application form to Box 6501.

TRADE Union Solicitors, with large practice in London, require intelligent and progressive young man with or without previous legal experience for training as litigation clerk, dealing mainly with claims for damages arising out of industrial accidents. Box 6753.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PEP requires research assistant for project investigating problems of prisoners and their families. Graduate in sociology or equivalent preferred. Must be experienced interviewer and willing to travel and work irregular hours. Apply Director, 16 Queen Anne's Gate, SW1.

LIBERAL Party Headquarters seeks Assistant Local Government Officer to develop all aspects of the Party's local government activities. Write for details Secretary, LPO, 58 Victoria St, London, SW1.

ORGANISING Secretary, preferably married woman, trained or experienced in social work, required by Family Planning Association, 14 Frederick Rd, Birmingham, 15. Please apply in writing to General Sec.

ASSISTANT Editor of the 'Museums Journal' required by the Museums Association. Applications, with the names of two referees, from men or women are invited and must be received by the Secretary of the Association, 33 Fitzroy Street, London, W1, not later than 20 November. State age, previous experience and present post. A Graduate preferred, & some editorial experience with knowledge of lay-out desirable. Five-day week, salary £624 per annum.

A DESIGNER combining in his make-up uncompromising standards, common sense and some years of experience of graphic, packaging and three-dimensional design is sought by the Woudhuysen Design Group. If, in addition, you are used to taking an assignment unaided through every stage, from first briefing to finished working drawings, please telephone Lewis Woudhuysen at KNI. 8662.

YOUNG editorial/production assistant urgently required for very busy publishers of scientific and medical books. Some experience of proof-reading and preparation of illustration copy for engraver essential. Salary £750 p.a., luncheon vouchers, non-contributory pension scheme. Box 6590.

RELIABLE male student required. One long week-end monthly. Help generally. Interest children essential. Drive car. Expenses. Box 6674.

MEDICAL Secretaries & Receptionists urgently required for Doctors and Hospitals. Perm. & temp. M. & S. Agency, 32 Queen Victoria St, EC4. CITy 7131.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ST DUNSTAN'S Convalescent and Holiday Home for blinded ex-service men at Ovingdean, Brighton, has vacancies for resident female staff (age 25/40). Varied and interesting duties. Further information on application to Matron, St Dunstan's, Ovingdean, Brighton.

AN OPPORTUNITY for gentleman who could lead and enthuse a number of pleasant men who are working full-time for a well-known national cause (Refugees). Generous support by Churches of all denominations and the public ensures reasonable income with modest expense ratio. Car provided, or car allowance; pension scheme. Position based on London. Help with accommodation if needed. Removal expenses paid. Suitable man can lead to additional supplies reaching refugees to the value of £100,000 a year. No objection to gentleman already earning £1,500 p.a. Interesting, inspiring work, congenial. Applications giving full details of experience, in confidence and marked Personal, to Hon. Administrator, VCS, 139 Oxford Street, London, W1.

ENJOY your work found through Stella Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, WC2. Licensed by LCC. Member of Employment Agents Federation.

SECRETARY, fluent French-English, shorthand, required for international art exhibition in London. Ideal job for woman with initiative, personality, and knowledge of art. Box 6862.

IMPERIAL Agency for Typing & Secretaries (Temporary & Permanent). Contact Secretary, 36/38 Dean St, Shaftesbury Ave, W1. Excellent highly paid posts available for experienced staff. GER. 6384.

A GENUINE selection of attractive office posts. Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

DON'T be afraid to fall out from your old job, just fall in and march to another through Winifred Johnson, Office Staff Bureau, 114 Holborn, EC1 (next to Gamages). HOL. 0390.

APPOINTMENT WANTED

EXPERIENCED, efficient secretary can undertake correspondence, typing. Part-time basis, at home. Box 6707.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF IPSWICH EDUCATION COMMITTEE

CHANTRY MIXED SECONDARY SCHOOL (GROUP XXIV)

Applications are invited for appointment as HEAD TEACHER of the above new ten-form entry Mixed Secondary School which will serve a developing housing area on the southern outskirts of the County Borough. It is designed for a five-year course, the first two years to be housed in a Lower School teaching block and the remaining three years in six House Blocks. The first stage, accommodating approximately 600 pupils, will be opened in September 1962.

The Committee envisages the appointment of a person under the age of fifty who is a Head, a Deputy Head or holds a position of high responsibility in the Educational field.

Application forms, obtainable from the undersigned, must be received by 30 November 1961.

J. T. HILL, Chief Education Officer,
Education Department, 17 Tower Street, IPSWICH.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

'WHICH?' November issue reports on sewing machines, TV sets for 625 lines, TV colour screen, electric socks. 'Which?' published monthly is available on annual subscription only £1 – and ask for details of 'Which?' Christmas Gift subscriptions – to the Consumers' Association, Dept 6, 14 Buckingham St, London, WC2.

CHILDREN'S Picture/story books in English from Russia again available for ages 4-10 years. Really delightful coloured illustrations. 1s. each plus min. 6d. postage. Collet's Russian Bookshop, 44/45 Museum Street, London, WC1.

'WORLD Peace', The Journal of International Pacifism. Quarterly. Two years – $4.00. Post Office Box 6537S, Atlanta 15, Georgia, USA.

MAIGRET on TV. Read the original French novels: Un echec a Maigret (6 Nov.), Maigret et l'inspecteur malgracieux (20 Nov.) 5s. 6d. ea., Port des Brumes (27 Nov.) L'Ecluse No. 1 (4 Dec.) 6s. each and over 50 other titles by Simenon. From your local bookseller or from Barmerlea Book Sales Ltd, 10 Bayley Street, WC1. Full lists available.

BOOKS Wanted: We always pay the best for books on History, Politics, Economics & Social Science. Frank Cass Ltd, 10 Woburn Walk, WC1. LAN. 6417.

HAMPSTEAD'S High Hill Bookshop is now open every weekday from 9-7 p.m. Nearly 2,500 paperback titles in stock. 6 High St, NW3. (HAM. 2218).

THE Atlantis Bookshop: Large stock new & 2nd-hand books. Specialists in Occult subjects; Old Maps & Prints. Open 6 days a week, Sats 10-7 p.m. 49a Museum St, WC1.

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London, WC2.

LIBRARIES bought: politics, economics, world affairs. Labour Party/TUC/CI Congress Rpts. We collect. RIV. 6807, The Hammersmith Bookshop, London, W6.

GERMAN books bought & sold. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd. TEM. 5588.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St, W8. WES. 5809.

DUPLICATING, shorthand, typing, translating. Mabel Eyles, 10 Beaconsfield Road, London, N11. ENTerprise 3324.

OUR Service – any job at any time. Duplicating, Typing, Translns, all secretarial work, 24 hr service. Personal attn. Isle Agency, 76c Rochester Row, SW1. VIC. 7333.

ACCURATE professional typewriting, highly recommended by famous authors & publishers. Novels, plays, poetry, theses, etc. Revision/editing. Mrs D. Shirley, 138 Green Lane, Edgware, Middx. STO. 6020.

MANUSCRIPTS typed. Pat Johnson, 12 Bournemouth Rd, SW19. MOU. 6136.

FRENCH: Yorkshire-based translator avail. now. Box 6241, tel. Cloughton 300.

FOOD AND DRINK

RAISING spirits, that's my pet pastime. Nothing occult about the medium I employ – it's superb El Cid Sherry served all round. Guaranteed to spread pleasure at any seance.

COURSES etc.—continued from p.724

HUMANISM

A Study Week-end for inquirers has been arranged by the Ethical Union at Old Jordans Hostel, Nr Beaconsfield, 8/10 Dec., fee 50s., write 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W8.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures entitled (1) 'The Grand Tour and the Georgian Country House'; (2) 'The Sources of the English Landscape Garden'; (3) 'The Dramatic and the Epic in Hogarth's Narrative Satires' will be delivered by Professor J. T. Burke (Melbourne) at 5.30 p.m. on 21 and 28 November and 5 December at the Courtauld Institute of Art, 20 Portman Square, W1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY College London (Gower St, WC1). Professor K. R. Popper (London School of Economics) will give the Shearman Memorial Lectures entitled 'Science and the Growth of Knowledge' on 21, 23, 28, 30 November at 5.30 p.m. Admission free, without ticket.

FLAMENCO. 3 Lecture-Demonstrations on The Mystery of Flamenco by Inesita the noted Californian exponent of Spanish Dancing. Tues. 14, 21 & 28 Nov. at 6.30. Course ticket 10s. Single lectures 5s. Details from Sec., Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, SE1. (WAT. 6872).

HOME Preparation for Examinations, University Correspondence College, founded 1887, conducts tuition by post for London University Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB, BD), & certain Diplomas, General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others) Moderate fees. Prospectus post free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

INTENSIVE Secretarial Courses. Gregg & Pitman Shorthand. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, London, SW7. KEN. 4771.

SECRETARIAL Training especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write: Organising Secy, Davies's, 158 Holland Park Ave, W11. PARk 4654.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand Private tuition BAYswater 1786

RAIA Lowe's intensive, individual, tuition in shorthand, typing, book-keeping, particularly for graduates and older students. Phone HAM. 7816.

FRENCH Conversation Classes. Day, evening and lunch-time classes. Private lessons Beginners to Advanced; all with French teachers. Correspondence courses. Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, London, WC2 (opp. Garrick Theatre). (TRA. 2044).

ITALIAN lessons by expd native teacher; speedy results guaranteed. Box 6721.

SPANISH, Italian, French, German. Small classes for beginners, intermediate, and advanced. Pronunciation with tape recorders. International Language Centre, 40 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. GER. 9441.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages, School of English for Foreign Nationals, Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

RUSSIAN Lessons Mondays 2.30. Prep. 'A' level. 30s. per session. CHI. 5885.

RUSSIAN taught by ex-Leningrad graduate. E.R., 31 Mowbray Road, NW6.

HOY Día, revista que refleja el estado actual del mundo de lengua hispánica. Ideal reading for students of Spanish from second year onwards. Up-to-date. Informative. Entertaining. Well-illustrated. Puzzles. Vocabulary. Send for specimen copy to Mary Glasgow & Baker Ltd, 140 Kensington Church Street, London, W8.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

WHERE TO STAY

MIDHURST District. A charming old Manor house off the beaten track. 4 acres, own produce. Billiards, putting, croquet, licensed bar. Few vacancies for winter residence. Southdowns Hotel, Trotton, Nr Petersfield. Rogate 93.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comf., rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms, broch., Higham Hse, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Robertsbridge 426.

A UNIQUE experience – a visit to the well-known Oakdale Guest House at Newton Ferrers, S. Devon – intimate, luxurious, and cosy for the colder weather, ideal for Honeymoons, Christmas, Easter and out of season holidays. Large rooms en suite with private bathrooms. C.h. & c.h w., sun verandahs, excellent catering and personal attention – animals and children welcome. Apply: London Sec. CITy 2912 (after 7 p.m. ELStree 5688), or write Taylor's, 49 Queen Victoria Street, EC4.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

YOU are holiday-wise – if you go HF. For your School or Youth party next year take your pick – a short trip across the Channel to France – or a more adventurous visit to Russia – See the grandeur of Switzerland's mighty peaks – or the warmth and colour of Italy, and its art and culture – or a Cruising Holiday can take you to Greece or Madeira, Palma or Tenerife. If it is Holidays at Home, then HF Youth Camps and Youth Guest Houses provide especially for parties of Young People. There is also an HF Youth Guest House in the Wye Valley, with certain weeks reserved exclusively for individual bookings from the younger age group. Write or phone Now for free booklets 'Holidays Abroad for Parties of Young People 1962' or 'Holidays for Parties of Young People 1962'. The Holiday Fellowship, Dept 24, 142 Great North Way, London, NW4. Telephone: SUNnyhill 3381 (six lines).

SKI in Andorra. Latest, least-known of ski-ing centres. Our departures are by rail from London, fortnightly, 23 Dec. until Easter. From £39 incl. Spanish Holiday Agency, 39 Albemarle St, London, W1.

SAVE £100. Christmas excursion fast flights to South Africa, by 4-engined, pressurised DC6B aircraft, only £135 return. Leaving 4, 11, 21 Dec.; returning 8, 19, 28 Jan. Few seats left. Tel. SPEedwell 2962.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1961 booklet: 'Better Holidays'. Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LAN. 3101.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

PRESENTS for particular people at Heal's Gift Market with self-service, and five floors of presents. 196 Tottenham Court Road, London, W1.

THE Elgin Calendar 1962. 9½in. x 7½in. 8s. 6d. post free. British Museum, London, WC1.

LOVELY white marble ash trays, Sicilian, any size, design, from 10s. Permanent glass-like gloss. Details: Box 6776.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

SEARCH for Paradise – Why not let us foot-slog for you? We personally inspect all flats, flatlets and bedsitting-rooms first then phone you at your office or home with full details. Personal Accommodation Services, 28 Church Row, NW3. HAM. 0027.

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GLOUCESTER Rd. Well-furn. modern flat. Girl wntd to share. £4. FRO. 1206.

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INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 300 double and single rooms. £5 full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 3635.

HAMPSTEAD. Double bed-sit., built-in kitchenette, Ascot, elec. htg, cutlery, crockery and bed linen. Use of garden, phone. 55s. per week. HOL. 6237, not Fri.

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S/C. bed-sitting room, quiet house West Hampstead. Tel.: HAM. 4696.

4TH girl wanted to share furnished flat Swiss Cottage. MAI. 1372.

HIGHGATE. Large furnished room. Use kitchen/bath/garden. £3 incl. plus occasional baby-sitting. Box 6850.

BED/sits. Elegant hse. C.h.w., c.h. Bkfst, service. 6/7 gns p.w. PRI. 1970.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

WORRIED but hopeful yng Scottish cple (expecting child) searching for unfurn. flat NW area; Reas. rent & prem. Box 6745.

YOUNG architect couple, German, seek furn./unfurn. flat, three years, in reach of City. Box 6739.

YOUNG scientist, not angry, needs bed-sit., kitchenette, or share flat with modern type(s). Box 6808.

STUDENT composer, sculptor, married, requires live-in studio, furnished/partly furnished, London. Reasonable. Box 6864.

YOUNG German student (m.) seeks moderate furn. room with an English family, breakfast & evg meal; willing give German lessons. Area fairly central, St Johns Wood, Marylebone prefd. Box 6628.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

OUTWARDLY unprepossessing terrace house, 3 beds, kit., bath & 1 really large room. 10 mins London Bridge. 20 year lease £1,500. NEW Cross 7092 for appt.

PERSONAL

DETACHED garage-owner, with living accommodation nearby, wishes to add to collection of metal signs, railway paraphernalia, lawfully begotten. Thereby keeping for eternity (?) stuff normally finding way to scrap-metal merchants, allotment hut-holders and the like. Please write: C. Victor Martin, 8 Shepherds Way, Rickmansworth, Hertfordshire.

YOUNG woman living alone with 3½ year-old daughter would share her pleasant London house with similar with 1/2 children. Altern. would take post as housekeeper to someone with child/children. Box 6750.

YOUNG French gentleman seeks inexpensive 'en famille' London accommodation. Young, professional/arts. Box 6858.

READER (39), librarian, alone in London for Christmas, would welcome holiday suggestions. Box 6774.

SEEK 5 humans, m. or f., blonde or sense of humour, for slow and easy overland trip early summer to Bombay by unobtained autobus. (Then boat Australia). Have money for 1/6th share, am 26, male, live London. Box 6863.

WANTED: second-hand Swedish Linguaphone course. Kelly, Cloona, Westport, Co. Mayo, Ireland.

MALE desires weekend work (Ldn), rewriting, corres., typing. Box 6803.

CITROEN 2 c.v. Van, June '60, grey, private owner. 58 m.p.g. £250 o.n.o. 21A Fairfax Road, NW6. MAI. 3053.

AMATEUR Rep. reqs expd producers, actors, actresses/singers (Beginners accepted evening drama classes). Season conts: The Tunnel Of Love, The Matchmaker (250th Production), Come Closer And Look (New Play). Winter Season: Little Women (Musical Version), A Memory Of Two Mondays, Chin-Chin, Angels In Love, Live Like Pigs, The Happy Time, The Rose Tattoo. Mountview Theatre Club, 104 Crouch Hill, N8. (MOU. 5885).

SAILAWAY Children's Community, Bosham, Chichester, Sussex. Unique child care service. 3-14 years. Temporary or permanent. Happy holidays. Children attend excellent day school. Apply for brochure.

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THE London International Choir invites singers from overseas to join. Men's voices specially required. Details from Hon. Sec., c/o Mary Ward Centre, 9 Tavistock Place, London, WC1.

50,000-word history thesis must be re-typed between 20 and 27 November. Will pay extra rate. Box 6852.

BEST Wishes for Christmas and the New Year can be sent by you to your friends and to one of thousands of prisoners in jails because of their belief in freedom. The name and address of a prisoner supplied with every six-language Christmas card bought from Amnesty, the international movement working for the release of prisoners of conscience. Send s.a.e. for sample or 6s. 9d. for one dozen or £1 for 3 dozen, post free, to Amnesty Christmas Card Dept, 153 Victoria St, London, SW1.

SPEECH Training. English for foreigners. Miss Shackman, LRAM. SLO. 4154.

CHAMBER Music recitals should be attended in correct suede and leatherwear made to measure by E. Harris, 24 Berwick Street, London, W1.

GUITAR. Vacancies for classical lessons this Autumn. Write or ring for free booklet. Lock Aitken, Spanish Guitar Studio, 84 Newman St, W1. LAN. 8094.

AFTER 30 years of misery I found the way to relieve catarrh. My method is the result of many years' research, and it is most successful. 3d. stamp for details: S. R. Underwood (NS), 176 Regent Court, Sheffield, 6.

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TEMPORARY shorthand-typists always available. GK Bureau, 196 Oxford Street, W1. MUS. 6858.

PERSONAL—continued

TOWER Theatre Club members enjoy not only good plays and good company, but also the club bar and buttery, Sunday evening performances by the Tavistock Repertory Company, and regular talks and discussions. All for £1 1s. or 7s. 6d. annually – and for a little extra you can see high-quality films at the Film Forum. Interested? Write to the Secretary, Tower Theatre Club, Canonbury Tower, Canonbury Place, N1.

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FAMILY Planning Booklet free under plain, sealed cover. Premier Laboratories (Box 46), 333 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1.

MARK Gerson, Portrait Photographer – studio or location, price list on request. 16 Woodstock Street, Mayfair, London, W1. MAY. 0609.

PHILIP Humphreys, psychologist, formerly of Prince's Gate, now at Richmond. RIC. 4416.

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THE Art of Seeing. Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr Bates, the celebrated American oculist & author of 'Good Sight Without Glasses', may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett (LAN. 3626 & Brighton 52663).

HUMANISM – the outlook for the world we live in. Write Ethical Union (E), 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W8.

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FAMOUS Writers' School, 53 Fleet Street, London, EC4. Courses in Fiction and Article Writing. (FLEet Street 7158/4734)

THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pla., SW1 (SLO. 9595), for conversn & tuition.

LONDON School of Bridge, 38 Kings Rd, SW3 Sloane Sq. KEN 7201. Club attached

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SCHOLARSHIPS

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Two Open Scholarships of £150 each per annum will be offered on the results of the next Entrance Examination. This will be held in February 1962 for girls aged between 12 and 13 the following September. A Music Scholarship of £150 per annum will be offered at the same time for girls aged between 11 and 14 the following September. Full partics from Headmistress.

SEVENOAKS School. Scholarship Regulations, 1962. Two or more Major Scholarships, value up to full fees. Minor Scholarships and Exhibitions. Junior Group: Under 11½ at end of February. Senior Group: Age 11½ to 13½ at end of February. In addition, a £50 Tobacco Blenders' Guild Scholarship for a boy of reasonable academic capacity and notable talent and qualities of character. Date of examinations: End of February 1962. Applications to Headmaster by 1 Feb.

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Covent Garden, WC2.

THE ROYAL BALLET

13 Nov. at 7.30 Last perf. of Petrushka, Diversions, Daphnis and Chloe.

16 Nov. at 7.30 Last perf. of Antigone, Symphonic Variations, The Firebird.

17 Nov. at 7.30 The Sleeping Beauty

18 Nov. at 2.15 Giselle

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

14 Nov. at 7.30 Madama Butterfly

15 & 18 Nov. at 7.30 Last perfs of Fidelio

Box Office Tel.: COVent Garden 1066

THEATRES

APOLLO. GER. 2663. Evgs 8, S. 5 & 8, Th. 2.30. A Whistle in the Dark. 'The stage blazes with danger', K. Tynan, Observer. 'See it for yourself', New Statesman.

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Evgs 8, Sat. 5 & 8. 'Ducks and Lovers'. Members.

MERMAID. (CITy 7656). Sherriff's 'The Long Sunset'. 6 & 8.40.

PRINCES. TEM. 6596. 7.30, Thurs, Sat., 5.15 & 8.30. Polish State Jewish Theatre in Yiddish Plays. Baruch of Amsterdam, A Goldfaden Dream, Sender Blank, Tevye Der Milchiger. Season must end Sat., 25 Nov.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. 7.30, Sat. 5 & 8.15. Th. 2.30. 'The American Dream' & 'The Death of Bessie Smith' by E. Albee. 13 Nov. 'That's Us' by Henry Chapman.

TH. ROYAL, E15. MAR. 5973. Evgs 8.0, Sat. 5 & 8. 'The One Day of the Year'.

TOWER, N1. (CAN. 3475 9-6, CAN. 5111 6-8.30). 'Come Back Little Sheba' 9-11 Nov. at 7.30. Von Kleist's 'Penthesilea' 17, 18 (Mems 19), 22-25 November.

UNITY. EUS. 5391 Last 3 perfs. 'The Recruiting Officer'. Sun. 19 Nov. 1 perf. only, 'Damn Proud Fellow', Negro songs & poems of the Deep South. 7.45. Mems.

VANBRUGH Theatre, Malet Street, WC1. 'The Importance of Being Earnest' by Oscar Wilde. 13 Nov. at 7.30; 14, 15 Nov. at 2.30 and 7.30. 'The Garden of Loneliness' by Gerhart Hauptmann. 16, 17 Nov. at 2.30 and 7.30. Adm. free.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). Margot Fonteyn in 'The Royal Ballet' (U) in colour.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 12 Nov.: Carné's 'Les Tricheurs' (X). From 13 Nov.: Becker's 'Le Trou' (A).

EXHIBITIONS

THE LINCOLN GALLERY

ALEXANDER CALDER

The Gouaches

SLOANE STREET, SW1.

GANYMED – Two new publications – Paul Klee's 'By the Troutstream' and 'Oriental Castle'. See them at our Gallery – 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

AUTUMN Exhibition of paintings by members of the Finsbury Art Group. Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St, EC1 (nr Town Hall, Rosebery Ave), Mon. 13 Nov.-Sat. 25 Nov. Mon.-Fri. 9-8; Sats 9-5. Admission free.

LEIGHTON House Art Gallery, 12 Holland Pk Rd, W14. Paintings & Drawings by Michael Harvey. Mon. 20 Nov.-Sat. 2 Dec. Weekdays 11-6, Sats 11-5. Adm. free.

MOLTON Gallery – Robyn Denny – recent paintings. 15 Nov.-9 Dec. 44 South Molton St, W1. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St George Street, W1. Vasarely – Recent Paintings. Until 25 Nov. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Until 31 November. Yugoslav Artists. Sculpture by Bakic; Paintings by Picelj; Drawings by Petrovic.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St, W1. Pottery & Sculpture by Denise & Rosemary Wren. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1. 14 Nov.-2 Dec. Opening Tues. 14 Nov. 4.30-7.

AMERICAN Folk Art, 20 Nov. through Dec. USIS Gallery, American Embassy, Grosvenor Sq., W1. Mon.-Fri. 9-6, Sat. 1-5.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. New series Paintings John Bratby.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Charles Blackman – Paintings and Drawings. Daily 10-.5.30. Sats 10-1. Until 25 November. 142 New Bond Street, W1.

NEW London Gallery, 17/18 Old Bond St. (GRO. 6755). Lynn Chadwick – First major London Exhibition for 10 years. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12. Admission free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Anthony Whishaw. Weekdays 10-5.30. Sats 10-1 p.m. Closing 18 Nov.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows at the Royal Society, 1660-1680. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free.

MODERN Jewellery. 800 pieces from 32 countries at International Exhibition of Modern Jewellery (1890-1961), Goldsmiths' Hall, Foster Lane, Cheapside, EC2. Daily 10.30-6.30 (Not Sundays) 26 Oct.-2 Dec. Adm. 3s. 6d. (Students 1s. 6d.).

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Mark Rothko: An exhibition of paintings from 1945-1960. 11 October-12 November. Weekdays 11-6, Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admn free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Paintings by Henry Sanders. Daily 10-5.30, Thurs. 10-1, Sat. 10-7.

GROSVENOR Gallery, 15 Davies St, W1. Helen Lambert, recent paintings, Moscow and environs. Daily 10-6. Sats 9.30-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond St, W1. (HYD. 6195). 'French Landscapes'. Bonnard, Cézanne, Monet, Pissarro, Renoir, Van Gogh, etc. In aid of British ORT. Adm. 2s. 6d., students 1s. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Tapisseries de Petit Format, until 18 November. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free.

WADDINGTON Galleries, recent paintings by Kit Barker. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1

EPSTEIN: Memorial Exhibition. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 17 Dec. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8, Sun. 2-6. Admission 3s. 6d.

UPPER Grosvenor Galleries 19 Upper Grosvenor Street, W1. HYDe Park 3091. From 7 Nov. to 30 Nov. inclusive. Simon Segal Paintings. Also the 42 originals of Segal's splendid Biblical Gouaches.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

SAVE THE CHILDREN!

NO NUCLEAR TESTS BY BRITAIN!

Mass Lobby of Women
House of Commons

Tuesday, 14 November, from 2.30 p.m.

If you are unable to come, ask to see your MP at any other time, or write to him.

Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, 29 Great James Street, London, WC1. CHA. 4817.

P. E. N. HERMON OULD MEMORIAL LECTURE – 1961

DR C. V. WEDGWOOD CBE will lecture on 'BREAKING THE BARRIER – THE WRITER'S PROBLEMS AND OPPORTUNITIES'. Chair: Dame Rebecca West DBE, Friends House, Euston Road, London, NW1 on 14 NOVEMBER, 7.30 p.m. (doors open at seven). Tickets (unnumbered) are available in advance from: P. E. N., 62 Glebe Place, London, SW3, at 3s. 6d., send remittance and stamped addressed envelope.

WATSON CHAIR LECTURES
1961

STEPHEN TOULMIN MA, Ph.D,
Director of The Nuffield Foundation Unit for History of Ideas

SCIENCE AND THE NATIONAL MIND

14 & 16 November at 5.30 p.m.

The Lectures will be held in the Gustave Tuck Theatre, University College London, Gower Street, WC1. Admission free without ticket.

FABIAN SOCIETY AND CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY

FABIAN AUTUMN LECTURES

Wednesday 15 November, 7.15 p.m.
Livingstone Hall, Tothill Street, SW1.

COMMUNICATION AND COMMITMENT

Richard Wollheim

Front rows 4s., other seats 2s. 6d. Tickets from Lectures Secretary, 11 Dartmouth Street, SW1. (WHI. 3077).

LABOUR Common Market Committee holding Briefing School. Sun., 19 Nov. 10.30-5 in Bloomsbury, WC1. Fred Mulley MP, on Political Implications, Dr Roy Pryce on Social Policies in EEC. Supporters invited to write for credentials (2s. 6d. incl. tea) before 16 Nov., to LCMC, Flat 4, 15 Greycoat Place, SW1.

SWEDEN – the Model Society? Eight talks on Sweden. Second talk, Friday, 10 November 1961, at 8 p.m. at the Reading Room of the Swedish Church, 8 Harcourt Street, W1. Mr U. Berggren: 'Sweden at Work. Trade Union Negotiations and Labour Law' (with film). Arranged by the Anglo-Swedish Society. Admission free. Non-members welcome.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

'HAS Britain an Achilles Heel?' D. G. Stewart-Smith, Tues. 21 Nov., 7.45, Alliance Hall, Palmer St, Caxton St, SW1. British Movement for Freedom in Russia.

MAPAM and Friends of Hashomer Hatzair invite you to a discussion on 'Kibbutz and Judaism', introduced by Prof. N. Bentwich and M. Gerson, Saturday 18 Nov. at 8 p.m. 104 Nightingale Road, E5.

THE New Jewish Society invites you to a Brains Trust in Reverse on Wed. 15 Nov. at 83 Chiltern Street, W1, at 8 p.m. Adm. to guests 2s. 6d.

OMAR Khayyam, Cynic or Mystic? Dr E. G. Parrinder, Reader in Comparative Religion, King's College, London University. 14 November, 7.30 p.m. World Congress of Faiths, 23 Norfolk Square, W2.

FORUM on Freedom, Monday 13 November, 7.30. Speakers: Canon E. Carpenter, CND, John Gollan, Editor Marxism Today. Friends Meeting House, NW1. Organised by Marxism Today.

INSTITUTO de España, 102 Eaton Sq., SW1. Lect. by Mr John H. Harvey on 'Some Aspects of Spain' on 16 Nov., 6 p.m.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Monday 13 Nov., 8 p.m. Jazz – Bob Dawbarn – Recent Issues. John Kendall – Pee Wee Russell. Admission 2s. 6d. (Members 1s. 6d.). Wednesday, 15 Nov. Members' Party – dancing to Brian Frederick's Band, 8.30-11 p.m. Members free. Non-members 5s. Thursday 16 Nov. 'Jung' – Part Two. Dr E. A. Bennet, Dr Anthony Storr, J. B. Priestley, E. Rolfe will discuss Jung's influence on their lives and work. Chairman: L. L. Whyte. Members 2s. Non-members 3s. 6d.

UNIVERSITY College London, Gower St, WC1. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.15-2. Admission free. 14 Nov. 'The Study and the Sofa: a chapter in the history of reading' by Professor Raymond Irwin; 16 Nov. 'National Parks in England and Wales' by Professor H. C. Darby.

MEDICINE, Science & War: Prof. Alex Haddow FRS. Sun. 12 Nov. at 11 a.m. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m. One World or None? N. J. Hart – Open Discussion. Conway Hall, Holborn, WC1. Tuesday 14 November, 7.30 p.m.

RUDOLF Steiner Centenary – Mercury Arts Group. Rudolf Steiner House, 35 Park Road, London, NW1, at 7.15 p.m. 'The Colour World of Rudolf Steiner', by Gladys Mayer. Monday 13 November 1961. Admission 2s. Students 1s.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 10 Nov. 8 p.m. S. Hackel: 'Saint Serge of Radenisch'. Fri. 17 Nov., 8 p.m. Herbert Marshall: 'Mayakovsky and his poetry', and reading of new translation. At British Council Cinema, 6 Hanover St, W1, Mon. 13 Nov. 6.30 p.m. Sov. Films: Newsreel; 'The Blind Musician'. Please reserve seats in advance.

DOSTOEVSKY Anniversary Meeting, Chairman – Richard Church CBE. Soviet and British speakers. 2.45 p.m. on Saturday 18 November 1961 at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London, WC1 (near Holborn Underground Station). Tickets 3s. 6d. (including tea) obtainable at the door or in advance from the Secretary, The Great Britain-USSR Assocn. 43 Parliament St, London, SW1. (Tel. WHI. 5250/3342).

LISTENING Meetings. Lecture/Demonstration by Dr Rachel Pinney, Sun., 12 November, 3 p.m. Meeting at 443 Fulham Road, SW10, FLA. 7008, to discuss proposed project to take Listening Team round Britain, then abroad. Horsham Town Hall 7.30, Tuesday, 14 Nov.; Bromley Central Library 7.30, Thur. 16 Nov.; Dorking Masonic Hall 7.30, Mon. 20 Nov.; Sevenoaks, Cornwall Hall, The Drive 7.30 Tues. 21 Nov.; Norbury, The Library, Beatrice Avenue 7.30, Mon. 27 Nov.; St Albans, Court House 7.30, Thur. 30 Nov.; Coventry, Friends Meeting House, Hill St. Mon. 4 Dec.; Romford, The Lorry Hall, Market Place 7.30, Thur. 21 Dec.

'FINANCES et Elections' by M. Léo Hamon, Institut Français, Queensberry Pl., SW7. Tue. 14 Nov. 8.15 p.m. Ad. free.

'THE Theosophical Movement'. Public lecture. 12 Nov., 8 p.m. Free literature. S.a.e ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

'MAIN Street, USA' – second in a series of five films introducing you to Atlanta, Georgia and Lansing, Michigan. Also 'Wilma Rudolph – Olympic Star'. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Thursday, 16 November, 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Special Public Meeting, Caxton Hall, SW1. Wed., 15 Nov., 6.30 p.m. Sila (Right Conduct), Mrs M. H. Robins. Also Sat., 11 Nov., 3 p.m., the Saturday Group (reading, discussion, tea). Send 4s. for 'The Middle Way'. Enquiries: TAT. 1313.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 12 Nov., 6.30, Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'The History of Ideas': H. J. Blackham.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30, Sun. 12 Nov. 5 Caledonian Rd, Kings Cross. Ronald Lightowler: 'Strength through Peace'.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

LECTURES on Modern Architecture by Robert Furneaux Jordan 15, 22, 29 November, Tickets 2s. 6d. each or 6s. for series from RIBA, 66 Portland Place, W1.

THERAPY: what is it? Dr J. Ketnar, 7.15 p.m. 12 November at 109 Lancaster Gate, W2. For details of other Progressive League activities send s.a.e.: Deverell, 46 Beauchamp Place, SW3.

R. VEDANTA Centre, 68 Dukes Avenue, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda, Suns 5 p.m. Upanishads. Thurs., 16 Nov., 7.30, Caxton Hall; Swami Ghanananda: 'Mystic Experiences and Their Value'

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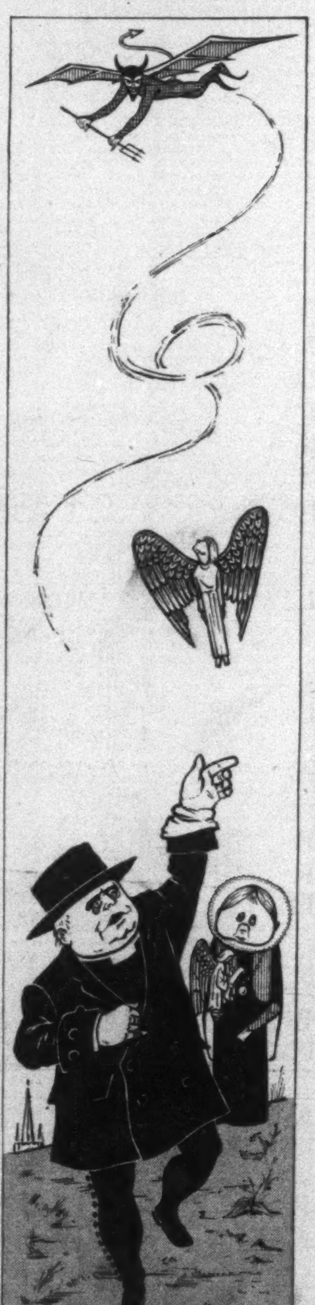
COURSES etc.—continued on p.723



'Go! Get him, boy'

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